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# THE PRAIRIE ROVER;

The Robin Hood of the Border.

BY BUFFALO BILL,

(Hon. Wm. F. Cody.) Author of "Deadly-Eye, the Unknown Scout; or, The Branded Brotherhood."

CHAPTER I.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE lingering rays of the setting sun tinged the western horizon with crimson glory, and burnished up the gilt cross upon the steeple of an ivy-clad church, situated upon the banks

of the lower Mississippi, until it looked like pure gold in the rosy light of dying day.

Into the portals of the church was moving a solemn and melancholy procession, following the cold form of some departed friend who had gone from life to join the departed hosts in the village of the dead, for around the humilians. ble structure were sleeping many who had

passed away.

In the churchyard an open grave stood ready to embrace within its clayey arms the one whom soon it was to forever hide from mortal view, and ever and anon the deep notes of the tolling bell would burst mournfully forth, trilling, dirge-like, as it echoed along, over river, woodland and meadow, until the sound died away upon the balmy even-

With melancholy cadence the sound of the tolling bell fell upon the ears of a horseman, who was slowly wending his way adown the river road, which led by the little church, and a look of sorrow would sweep across his handsome face, the next moment to give place to a frown as some internal feeling of bitterness brought a half-smothered curse to his lips.

Both horse and rider were travel-staine and weary, as though they had journeyed far nrise; still, the horseman sat erect in his saddle, his elegant, agile form swaying gracefully with the movements of his steed. His face, though fatigued-looking, was one of striking appearance, but there rested in the handsome dark eyes and upon the finely molded mouth an expression of recklessness and bitterness, evidently brought there by life of wild dissipation, although he was scarcely more than of age, and his upper lip

was barely shaded by the down of manhood. As the tolling notes of the bell again smote upon his ears, the horseman, with an exclama tion of impatience, urged his horse forward at a more rapid pace, and, ere long, drew rein before the churchvard, where now stood the sexton, leaning upon his spade

A glance of recognition passed between the two, a look that changed to surprise upon the sexton's face, as he said, bluntly: "Well, Master Ernest, you are just in time to be at the funeral; but who could have be-

lieved you would dare come home? "I dare do anything, Ben Baldwin; but who is it that is dead?" the young man asked, in an indifferent tone

What! you do not know, then, that your murder of your cousin Howard was the death of your poor mother?"

Like a drunken man the horseman reeled in his saddle, and then, springing to the ground, advanced toward the sexton, his face blanched white, his lips quivering, as he cried: Ben, do not deceive me, but tell me, is my mother dead?"

The voice was deeply sad, and the sexton replied, with some feeling of pity: I tell the truth, Master Ernest; yonder bell

is tolling for her funeral.' With a groan from his inmost heart the young man heard the news, and then, with firm, rapid step, he entered the door of the church and strode down the aisle, toward the spot where rested the coffin and its dead.

Every eye was upon him, and several would have barred his way, but they shrunk back before the gleaming eyes of the young man, who, undisputed, moved on, until, with heartrending moan, he sunk down upon his ling again the silence of land and river. knees, and rested his arms and head upon the crying, in a deep and mournful voice:

"My poor, poor mother! It is I, your son, your wicked boy, that has brought you here!" In solemn voice the funeral services were continued by the minister, the conscience-up braided man still kneeling beside the coffin then the pall-bearers advanced to carry the body to the grave.

A touch upon the arm, and the young man arose, and quietly took his place behind the coffin, following it with slow tread and hard face up the aisle, and into the churchyard, and

to the side of the yawning grave.

A short while longer, and the services were over, and those in attendance turned away, rible dream but not without casting many strange glance back upon the tall form, who, with bitter face, stood beside the new-made tomb, gazing fixedly down upon the earth that hid forever from his view his mother.



The steed ridden by the infuriated young man fell dead in his tracks, hurling his rider to the ground.

not the index to a guilty soul.

remembered with kindness

the story of her narrow escape, and the name

CHAPTER II.

husband, had been left a plantation home upon

Proud of her handsome boy, Mrs. Maltra-

Of a generous nature, Mrs. Maltravers had,

usband, and at once between the two cousins,

Ernest and Howard, had sprung up a warm brotherly attachment, for, in spite of his wild

soon as he heard he was left alone and penni-

At the age of eighteen, Ernest Maltravers

and Howard were sent to college in a northern State, and from their crossing the thresh-

old of the classic halls, the two youths became

rivals in their studies and in all the athletic sports; still their friendly relations continued

until across their lives passed another and

deeper shadow of rivalry, for Howard loved a

she was, and soon knew the heir of the Mal-

young girl, who in turn did not love him,

vers had humored his every whim, until he

grew up, a wild and reckless youth, unre-strained by fear of man or laws.

when Ernest was in his sixteenth year, adopted her nephew, the son of a brother of her

the banks of the Mississippi river, and suffi-

cient wealth to live in luxury.

BRANDED WITH CRIME.

of the man who had been her preserver.

homes, none of them speaking a word to the silent, sorrowing, lonely man, who seemed wholly unmindful of their presence and de-

Slowly daylight died away, and twilight crept upon the earth, to in turn give way to darkness; a darkness of short duration, for soon the moon arose from her cloudland couch and spread a silvery luster over all, brightening up once more the cross upon the spire, and the Riverdale plantation; I am Miss Regicausing the white marble tombs to look like nald grim specters of the departed dead.

At last the young man turned sadly away, and approaching his patiently-waiting steed, mounted and slowly continued his way along

the river road. Suddenly the sound of rapidly-advancing hoofs broke on his ear, and the next instant a horse and rider came in sight, the animal urged to his greatest speed, and still lashed

cruelly as with mad bounds he rushed on. A few more bounds, and the steed uttered a wild, frightened scream, which was echoed by one less shrill, but more human, and instantly the animal's speed slackened.

A few savage yelps and angry growls, another almost-human cry from the struggling animal, and the moonlight revealed the cau of the rapid flight of the steed, upon whose haunches now clung with savage tenacity half a dozen dark forms-wild wolves of the forest that had chased him to his doom.

Instinctively the lonely horseman forgot his sorrows, and spurring forward, dashed upon the scene, while rapidly, with ringing crack after crack, his revolver flashed forth, start-

Driven from their prey, the ravenous wolves darted away to seek covert in the forest, while the horseman, dismounting, rushed forward to receive in his arms the fainting form of a oung girl of scarcely eighteen. The form was slight but graceful, the face

pale but beautiful, and with admiration undisguised the horseman gazed upon the lovely features, and tenderly placed the maiden by filled his hat with water.

A short while, and the beautiful eyes were opened, a sigh parted the ruby lips, and coniousness returned.

Ah! where am I? I have had such a ter-"Lady, it liked not to have been a dream.

but a fearful reality; but you are safe now, and I would see you home, if you will allow me." kindly said the horseman. An instant the maiden gazed into the sad,

One by one the crowd departed to their | handsome face of the man before her, and then | away, leaving the surprised maiden still gaz-

"I remember now: I was returning home when I was chased by wolves, and you saved

"I was so fortunate; but it is late now, and we had best hasten. Though I once lived near here, I do not recognize in yours a fa-

me from a fearful death."

"Indeed! I have often heard your beauty spoken of-pardon me-my mother has written me of the purchase of the Riverdale plantation, and of your father, your brother and yourself, Miss Reginald."

"I believed I had met all of the neighboring gentry, sir, but in you I fail to recognize an acquaintance, though, after this night you shall ever have a warm place in my heart as a friend; can I ask your name, sir? The face of the young horseman flushed crimson in the moonlight, then turned deadly pale, as he remarked, after a moment's hesita-

Mis Reginald, my name will bring to you no pleasant memories, for well I know that it bandied about with crime and dishonor. Suffice it, then, to kindly remember one who has saved your life, no longer than the present moment, for he is unworthy of a longer

The maiden glanced with surprise into the handsome face of the man before her, and as if pitying him, unknowingly she drew nearer, laying her hand gently upon his arm,

replied tenderly One who has saved my life, sir, shall ever hold a dear place in my heart; but surely you can never have been guilty of crime

"Miss Reginald, I have grievously sinned against God and man; but tarry not longer here, or your friends will be anxious regard-

Instantly turning away, the horseman led the animal ridden by the young girl forward, and placed her in the saddle, soothing the still frightened, but slightly injured steed with his deep and quiet voice. Mounting his own horse then, the two rode off at a quick pace, until they come to a large gateway—the entrance

Here they drew rein, and the horseman said duly, "Miss Reginald, here I will bid you Whether E For fear you will think kindly of one who does not deserve it, I will tell you that I

ever returned alive to tell the horrible story of how he and Howard commenced an alter-cation, which grew more bitter until it ended

in a challenge from his cousin, which, in the heat of anger, he accepted.
Without seconds the two cousins fought, facing each other at twenty paces, and at a word drawing and firing with their revolvers, which

then, changing his manner once more, was as friendly as ever toward him.

Thus time went on until one pleasant after-

noon the two cousins went forth for a walk in the forest, and from that walk only Ernest

they had with them Both were splendid marksmen, and when Ernest had received a severe wound in the arm, he had in turn shot Howard through the

Such was the story of Ernest Maltravers upon returning, faint and bleeding, to the col-lege, and the finding of Howard's body, the revolver still clutched in his hand, the two empty chambers, and the whole appearance of the scene, corroborating the statement of the

surviving cousin. Still he was looked upon by the public as a murderer, and that night slept in a felon's cell. Days passed away ere Ernest Maltravers vas brought to trial, and the end of it was that a jury of his peers cleared him; for no other evidence could be found against him

than what he had himself made known.

From the prison walls Ernest Maltravers came forth a changed man. No longer did he join his gay companions in the midnight revel, for he seemed like a stranger in a strange land, as not one kind word had come to him from home, from his mother, whom he so fondly loved, and whose teachings he had so disregarded; for Ernest had indeed led a fast and willful life at college, and only his attention to his studies, and extreme politeness to his teachers, had prevented him from being sent in disgrace from the halls of the univer-

Turning his back upon his prison, after his release, Ernest slowly wended his way toward the depot, and ere long was flying southward toward his boyhood's home.

ing after him, while she murmured:
"Ernest Maltravers? can it be he whose Arriving in New Orleans, he went to the wild and reckless life has broken his mother's hotel, and met there, with a degree of pleasure he could not disguise, one who had known heart, and who, only a few short weeks ago. took the life of his cousin? Surely his face is him from boyhood, and who had ever been his Well, be he crime-stained and Cain-acfriend, the overseer of his mother's plantation. Well, Ernest, I am really glad to see you;

cursed, he has saved my life, and shall ever be and what a fine man you have grown to be," said the kind-hearted overseer, warmly grasp-Thus saying, Ruth Reginald rode on, and a ing the hand of the young man. few minutes more brought her to the door of "Yes, Mr. Morton, I am no longer a boy; would to God I was—but what of my mother, her lordly home, where she was welcomed by her father and mother, who, in dismay, heard

for since my-my-the death of Howard, I have not heard one line from home. "And no wonder, Ernest, for its doors are barred against you, for you see Howard Maltravers was continually writing home and to the neighbors, telling them of your mad dissipations, until the whole community were ERNEST MALTRAVERS was the only child of down on you, and it only needed the sad cliwidowed mother, who, at the death of her max that followed to make them believe you

a perfect fiend," What do you say, Mr. Morton? that Howard Maltravers wrote unkind reports home about me?"

"Continually he was writing about your fast company, gambling, and dissipations, in spite of his professed urgent entreaties to you to leave off your evil life.

"Strange, most strange. I now remember the coldness that slowly crept into my mother's letters, and yet how kindly she wrote to Howard. Still I believed him my best friend, until that fatal day. He was indeed a snake life, the young planter had a noble heart, and had urged his mother to send for his cousin as in the grass

"Just what he was, Ernest, I tell you, for, you see, when his body and papers came less in the world, by the loss of his parents at Was Howard Maltravers brought home?"

asked Ernest, in a tone of angry surprise. "Certainly; your mother sent on for the body, and it was me that got hold of his papers; and, Lord! how I cursed him when I read how he had been in secret plotting against

What could have been his object, Mor-

"The Maltravers estate is a rich one, my

bestowed her affections upon Ernest, for she boy, and—"
"Yes, I see all now—I see all; he lies in his was a selfish woman of the world, young as grave in honor, and I live in dishonor. But, Mr. Morton, when did you leave the plantatravers estate from the dependent upon an

Whether Ernest returned the love of the maiden, or delighted in her society merely for the enjoyment of a flirtation, none of his fellow students knew; but, at any rate, Howard about Howard, whom, I was sorry to see, had maiden, or delighted in her society merely for the enjoyment of a flirtation, none of his fel-Without another word the horseman turned became jealous of his cousin for awhile; and turned her against you, and I gathered togeth

"Mr. Morton, you must not suffer for this, and, believe me, all will come right. Now I "Dunno, M and, believe me, all will come right. Now I "Dunno, Marse Ernest; ole mistis mighty must get me a horse, and at daylight in the set ag'in' you when Marse Howard write to morning I will leave for home.

forth the following morning to visit once more the home of his boyhood.

The reader has seen how sadly he was disappointed in his welcome, for, ere he reached appointed in his welcome, for, ere he reached his plantation, he came full upon the funeral bring my saddle-horse to the door." cortege of his mother, borne to an untimely grave, where, he felt, misrepresentation and calumny against her son had placed her.

True, he had been wild and wayward, and foolishly extravagant, but his conscience quitted him of the damning crimes laid at his door by one whom he had loved as a brother, whose home had been his home, and whose purse had been his purse.

Yes," he cried, as he rode on homeward after leaving Ruth Reginald at the gateway leading to the Riverdale mansion, "yes, he poisoned the heart of my mother against me; yes, I see all now; and when he fell by my hand, it was looked upon as the crowning act of crime in my wretched life. Oh, my poor, dead mother, whose heart was broken by the reported in-famy of your son! If you but knew my heart was true, you would look down from your throne on high and forgive and bless your

Crushing back a groan of mortal agony, the some young man of twenty-five. lonely man rode on in silence for a few moments, and then continued, half aloud:

"Oh, how have I been deceived in one I loved as a brother! Ha! yonder looms up the church before me, and its shadow falls upon my mother's grave, and his!'

Turning his horse into the river highway. going to the Riverdale plantation, he had ridden back a mile into the country, Er-

vers' for three generations.
Soon, with uncovered head, he knelt upon the damp, fresh earth, beside his mother's grave, and the moonlight streaming full upon him, showed his face was white and stern,

Long he knelt there, with head bowed in silence, and then, rising, glanced furtively upon a glittering marble shaft a few yards distant. he approached it, as if with dread, and while his face grew hard and bitter once more, read the inscription:

" Sacred to the Memory HOWARD MALTRAVERS. Aged, 22 years. Died, May 1st, 18-. Erected by his Adopted Mother.'

"Great God! here lies beneath this marble tomb one whose life was a lie, and yet who is remembered in honor; and I, by whose hand he fell, am Cain-accursed and condemned in eyes of those who were my friends, for Morton told me how I was hated by all, and even at my mother's grave I found not one hand to press mine in kindly sympathy.

"Yes, here lies the martyr, and I am the Ah, me! clouds surround me upon all sides, and the sunshine of my life has gone

Sadly Ernest Maltravers turned from the graves of his mother and the one whose life he had taken, and, as if urged on by cruel mem-ories, he bounded into his saddle, drove the spurs deep into his tired horse, and dashed adown the moonlit road at a rapid pace.

A ride of two miles brought him to a large gateway leading into a dense forest, through which glimmered a distant light, and toward this he directed his way, and soon drew up before a rambling and spacious mansion.

It was his boyhood's home, the birthplace of

kindred generations before him; but no longer, as of yore, did lights blaze from the windows and doors, for the shadow of death was over ed supreme.

A loud hail, and from the servants' wing of the mansion came forth a dark form and darker face, which Ernest appeared to recognize,

"Well, Toby, this is a sad welcome to give the lord and master of Woodlawn,'

"By de providence of de Lord, if it hain't Marse Ernest! Bless your soul, chile, I knows lat voice in de darkest night! How is you, Marse Ernest? and I's so glad to see you home onc't more, kase de ole place ain't no place without you. Here, ole woman, gals, boys, git out of dat kitchen an' come welcome

The kind welcome of the old negro servant brought tears to the eyes of Ernest, and touched him to the heart, and he felt less alone in the world, as, in obedience to the call of old Toby, half a dozen of the family servants came forth and greeted him.

A half hour more, and the lonely master of Woodlawn had partaken of a light repast, and in the solitude of his room was pacing to and fro, his bosom filled with conflicting emotions, nd his brain a whirl of bitter thoughts, for Woodlawn seemed no longer the home of "auld lang syne" to him, for the faces and forms he oved there, in years gone by, slept their last sleep in the churchyard on the river's

CHAPTER III.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS' CONFESSION. For days after his return home, Ernest Maltravers never left the plantation limits, except to visit each evening at sundown the grave of

Many of the neighbors were wont to see him there as they passed by, but they set down his visits to remorse of conscience, and stories of his fast life at college being thoroughly believed, and his killing of his cousin, caused them to turn the cold shoulder to him, and those who had known him from boyhood were wont fear crept over her. to pass him by without a look of recognition.

But though their conduct toward him at first cut Ernest to the heart, he soon became ter, the steed of Ernest Maltravers. indifferent, and then daily became more stern and hard in his nature.

Twice had Judge Reginald and his son Ralph called at Woodlawn to see the lonely heir and thank him for the service rendered in saving Ruth from a terrible death, but each time Ernest had declined to see them, and thus he had never met the father and brother of Ruth checked her horse suddenly, sprung to the maiden whom he had never ceased to remember, since the eventful night of his return

As to his future course Ernest had not de cided, for old Toby had informed him that it was rumored in the neighborhood that his mother had disinherited her only child, and left her entire property to charity; but of this Ernest was not assured, as the family lawyer arms and uncovered head, sadly and silently had been called to a distant State to be absent gazing downward. several months, and until his return nothing

would be known regarding the will.

take from me my rightful inheritance," said

her you have your fast horses, and live wid a Thus the two friends parted, and with bit-terness at his heart, Ernest Maltravers set too, dat you hab your hounds, and was throwin' money away at cards."

"Howard! Howard! how was I deceived in you! Well, time makes all things even, and I

A few moments after Ernest Maltravers was dashing along the river road leading to the churchyard, when suddenly he came full upon a stylish phaeton, which he was passing without a look at its occupants, and a sweet

"Mr. Maltravers! oh! Mr. Maltravers! The first thought of Ernest was to dash by with a bow, but checking his determinati he drew rein alongside of the carriage, which had come to a halt, and raising his hat, bent low before Ruth Reginald, whose lovely face bore a joyous smile at again meeting him.
"Mr. Maltravers, I am delighted to again

meet you, to thank you for my life, and to present to you my father and brother."
As Ruth spoke she extended her tiny gloved

hand, which Ernest grasped as he glanced down into her lustrous eyes, and then turned his look upon Judge Reginald, a stately, fine ooking gentleman of fifty, and Ralph, a hand-

"Miss Reginald, the pleasantest memory in my lonely life is that I was the humble instrument to save you from harm," replied Ernest, and then turning toward the gentlemen, he continued:

"Judge Reginald, I must ask you to pardon my seeming rudeness in declining to see your-self and son, when you called at Woodlawn; but, to speak plainly, I am ostracised in this nest rode up to the low fence surrounding the neighborhood, and cared not to place you unchurch, and, dismounting, advanced toward der the embarrassment of meeting one who the spot where slept the bones of the Maltra- was regarded with the aversion in which I am was regarded with the aversion in which I am held in the community.

Ernest Maltravers spoke in a stern and bitter tone, and his words brought the tears to Ruth's eyes, while both her father and brother were touched by his utter loneliness, and gazing into his handsome, noble face, felt that perhaps he had been condemned unjustly by

"Mr. Maltravers, with your past life we have nothing to do; but with the present everything, for upon our happy home to-day would rest a gloomy shadow never to pass away, had not your courage saved my daughter from a death too terrible to dwell upon. Riverdale plantation you know, and there you shall ever be a welcome guest, even though the world bar its doors against you.
"Will you return with us to tea? Come, I

ask it in good faith." Ernest hesitated an instant, and then caught

the eye of Ruth Reginald, who softly said: You will not refuse, Mr. Maltravers?" It was a beacon of hope held forth to the

onely man, and like a ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds, he could not but turn his gaze wistfully toward it, struggle an instant within himself, and accep From that day Ernest Maltravers loved

with an idolatrous worship, Ruth Reginald, and though he knew that she was the promised wife of another, he still clung to his affection with tenfold tenacity. And Ruth?

Before she had met Ernest Maltravers, she had believed she loved a young army officer, then stationed at Baton Rouge, for he was handsome, of fine form, fascinating manners, and a brave, dashing cavalry captain, who turned the heads and won the hearts of nearly all the girls he met. Besides, Captain Fercy Le Roy was a man

of wealth, and the descendant of one of the oldest families in America, a boon companion of Ralph Reginald, and a favorite with the judge, and his course of true love had glided smoothly along until Ernest Maltravers crossed the path of Ruth Reginald. months more, and the beautiful maiden

monial chains cast around her by Percy Le Roy; but then a change came over the spirit of Ruth's dream of love, for the dark and fas cinating face of Ernest Maltravers looked down upon her, and, coupled with the fact of having saved her from an awful doom, and the romance that surrounded his life, not to speak of his being an exile in his native place, altogether caused the young girl to turn most kindly toward him, and their every meeting but served to weld more firmly the chains that

Ere Ernest had visited the Riverdale planta tion three times Ruth well knew that he loved her, and finding that her own heart was going forth to him and forgetting its loyalty to the man to whom she was engaged, she brought o mind all that had been said against Ernest, of his cruel affair with his cousin, and of his wild life, and between her and her awakening ove arose a strong barrier.

Whether Ruth, under ordinary circumstances, would not have conquered her growing attachment, cannot be said; but an looked-for meeting with Ernest brought to her mind only that which was good in his nature, and almost without an effort not to do so, she felt that she could not resist loving

Unmindful of the lesson taught her by her near escape from death, from remaining out late without an escort. Ruth was returning one pleasant evening from visiting a neighboring plantation, and her way led by the church-

It was just after dark, and a full moon loomirg up above the eastern horizon cast a flood of silvery light around, and caused the monu ments of the dead to look so weird-like in their solemn silence that Ruth urged her horse forward with the intention of dashing rapidly by the lonely spot, for a feeling of superstitious

Only a few bounds had her horse taken, ter, the steed of Ernest Maltravers.

One glance across the glimmering tombs, and the tall form of the master was visible, standing beside the grave of his mother, over which his filial love had, a few days before, erected a marble shaft that glittered snow white in the moonlight.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, the ground, and hitching the animal, entered the churchyard with a firm step.

As she advanced, however, her courage somewhat failed her, and nervously she glanced around upon the earthly homes of those who slumbered in the city of the dead. Timidly she advanced toward the tall form of Ernest Maltravers, who stood with folded

A light touch upon his arm caused him to ould be known regarding the will.

"Surely, my good mother could not have as though for a weapon; but, turning quickly,

Miss Reginald! you here?"

done wrong to thus intrude upon your grief?" friend, Mr. Maltravers, the gentleman who upon the lawyer and his clerk.
"Miss Reginald, in thought you are ever saved my life some time since."

Both felt that their lives w esent with me; but listen, now that you are here standing beside the grave of my mother, and facing the tomb of the man whom my hand placed oeneath the sod, let me tell you

Here, in this sacred spot, I would not swear falsely, and here I would tell you that I duty of escort to you. Miss Reginald, I bid beat to and fro, until the gray glimmer of am not as black as I am painted, though what you good-evening." others may think I care not. Will you listen, Miss Reginald? 'I will hear all you have to say," quietly

responded Ruth Ernest Maltravers said:

"You are aware, Miss Reginald, that years again being in the presence of the woman he ago my mother adopted my cousin Howard, so fondly loved. and brought him to Woodlawn to live; but you do not know that it was at my wish, for I felt for the lonely orphan boy, and longed to have him for a brother.

'Through the years that followed I loved Howard as though he were really my brother, and I believed that he loved me. "Together we left for college, and then a

pleasant rivalry sprung up in our games, studies, and the pastimes of youth, until between us passed the first shadow, when a young girl became the object of Howard's idolatry. Strange to say, she seemed to prefer me,

and often I would tease Howard by devoting myself to her, although I cared little for her, her selfish nature. "Thus matters progressed until one day an

nonymous letter came to me, giving me the startling news that a plot existed between Howard Maltravers and the woman in ques-

letter addressed in Howard's well-known hand. "Upon opening it, imagine my horror in discovering that he had made a mistake in inclosing the letters in the envelopes, sending me the one intended for his lady-love, and

oubtless forwarding mine to her. "Honor forbade my reading it; but, startled by the first line I continued on, and discovered, alas, that a deep plot indeed was laid to entrap me, for the beautiful flend who called herself a woman, was to entice me into a marriage be disposed of, and my sinful wife was to marry my cousin

"This is terrible, Mr. Maltravers," said the surprised Ruth.

Well may you say so, Miss Reginald, for it was a most diabolical plot entered into by two who certainly loved each other, but with a love that was guilt itself, and which was to be consummated by dishonor and deadly

Words cannot portray to you, Miss Reginald, the agony I felt at this discovery; I was completely stunned for a while, but at length felt a longing for revenge; and I at once sought the home of the maiden, who resided in the city where I then was.

'She received me most kindly, but when I abruptly handed her the letter, her face turned deadly pale, and her guilt was assured in my sir, for your share is a very small one mind. "What mean you, Mr. Weston?" mind

Without a word I left her, and, returning to college, sought an interview with my cousin and together we walked into the forest, and I hurled in his face his treachery.

"Surprised at my discovery, driven to desperation at his shameful position, and hating me in his heart, he draw his revolver, but I face pale with anger. struck it from his hand and covered him with my own weapon, while I told him I would not take his life without giving him a chance, but let him meet me upon even terms.

I turned to walk to my stand, when suddenly a stinging sensation in my arm. "Quickly I turned, and again he fired upon

me in a cowardly manner, when I raised my

revolver and shot him through the heart. "You know of my trial, Miss Reginald, and what followed, and my return home the very evening that my mother was buried. But you do not know that it was Howard Maltravers who poisoned my mother's heart against me, her son, and who wrote many slandering letters to the neighbors regarding ny course at college. The letters written t my mother I found in her desk at home, and my servants and overseer have told me how the rumors of my fast life went around the neighborhood. That I was wild, nay, dissi-

false, as it is also, that in the sight of God I am the murderer of the man who lies buried Miss Reginald, my story is ended, and to no mood for trifling, and resumed: you I have told it, that in your pure heart I

I have ever been dishonorable I aver is utterly

men call me Ernest Maltravers paused, and folded his arms across his broad breast, while he turned

stood with bowed head before him.

peautiful face turned upon the man before diamonds in the moonlight.

with feeling:

fearful weight of sorrow you bear so heavily." The eyes of the young man flashed fire, his form trembled, as he replied:

you with all the strength of my inmost soul, dearer than my own life. you by my side, would vanish forever.

you lost to me. "No, no, no! do not say that, for I do not love other than you, Ernest Maltrayers, and would intrust in my hands the managem to Captain Le Roy," and the maiden spoke a strict account, and with earnest determination and feeling.

air is growing chill, and I must see you home.' and slowly wending their way toward River- | stant! dale, when the sound of hoof-strokes were

when he suddenly drew rein, saying:
"Ruth! why, this is an unexpected pleasure,

er my traps, and here I am-a gentleman of been so embittered against me, Toby, as to he with surprise beheld the maiden beside for I was on my way to visit you, having obtained a few days' leave.

"Yes, Mr. Maltravers, I was passing, saw stretched hand, and replied quietly:
stern, and his right arm pointing toward the you standing here and sought you; have I "Captain Le Roy, allow me to present my door, while his withering gaze fell flercely

"Mr. Matravers, I am glad to meet you, that I may thank you for saving the life of one whose death would take all the sunshine from my heart," and the handsome young soldier of their carriage-wheels was soon heard going the true scory of the slander cast upon me by held forth his hand, which Ernest grasped with down the avenue on its way back to town.

my enemies.

Through the long hours of that lo "Captain Le Roy, I will now transfer my

Raising his hat, Ernest Maltravers wheeled his horse and dashed away, to be soon lost from view to the eyes of the soldier and the maiden, who slowly continued their way toward the A silence of a moment followed, and then Riverdale plantation, Ruth's thoughts of a most he mounted his horse and rod painful character, and Percy Le Roy happy at the road leading to Riverdale.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH DEATH TO LOVE.

you have kindly perused the foregoing chap- rode away from Riverdale, his face no longer ters, what connection there was in the scenes and incidents therein related, amid the land of refinement and civilization, and a story of wild, western life, where the crack of the rifle, the war-whoop of the Indian, and the yelp of With a slight bow he would have avoided the war-whoop of the Indian, and the yelp of the coyote are the only sounds that break the him, when the young officer advanced and silence of majestic nature?

But have patience, kind friend, who thus far hast followed me in my story of the romantic realities of life on the frontier. In the sucand was surprised that my cousin did not see | ceeding chapter the scene will change from the land of cultivation, amid flowering orange groves, and ripening fields of the cotton and the cane, to the country toward the setting sun, where the prairies stretch forth in boundless magnificence, their downy verture product of only by the hoofs of the buffalo and deer, the give you."

"I do not understand you, Captain Le Roy; less magnificence, their downy verdure pressed tion, to get possession of my property.

"I laughed the idea to scorn, until, upon light paw of the wolf, the moccasined foot of going to the city for a few days, I received a the red-man or scout, or the iron-shod hoof of be more explicit," quietly responded Ernest. the trooper's steed, thrust between the border settlements and their savage foes.

Having given my explanation for thus long lingering afar from the scenes of stirring strife, where the characters of this story are destined to play a most active part, I will now once more beg the reader to accompany me to the home of Ernest Maltravers, at a time two sir?" weeks after his meeting with Ruth in the country churchyard.

In the spacious library of Woodlawn sat Erwith her, either by fair or foul means, and then, between the two guilty lovers, I was to twilight. The candles were lighted, and their presence discovered two other persons in the

> A few moments before, the lawyer and his clerk had arrived at the mansion, and request-ed an interview with the young planter. "Mr. Maltravers," began the man of law,

> abruptly, when Ernest entered the room, "I regret that my continual absence from the State has prevented me from making known to you the disposition your late honored mother made of her property in her will.

> "There was no hurry, Mr. Weston, for I had ample means of my own to keep the place running on smoothly; but now that you have returned, it will give me pleasure to hear all "Not so much pleasure as you may think,

> "Simply that your mother disinherited you for your base ingratitude to her—" "Hold, sir! dare to say that, in thought, word, or act. I was ever ungrateful to my mother, and I'll still your false tongue forever and Ernest Maltravers sprung to his feet, his

I will make no assertions of my own, Mr. Maltravers, for we all know you care little for human life; but I merely state the words of your much revered mother, who, in her last "He accepted; we chose our positions, and will and testament, duly signed and witnessed did devote her entire property to charity, exwould have been bound for life in the matri- a deafening report rung in my ears, and I felt cepting the slaves, who were all to be set free,

and given a small allowance to start them in "The plantation was to be sold, and the oceeds were to go toward building a new

church in the neighborhood-'Are you aware, Mr. Weston, that this of several generations of Maltravers', descending from father to son, according to English law, and that my mother was a poor girl when my father married ber?" bitterly asked Er-

"I am aware, sir, as the lawyer of the estate, of the fact you mention; but, I am also aware that your mother was left full powers by your father, who could not of course exct the career you would enter uponpated, I do not deny, Miss Reginald; but, that

"Spare your facetious remarks, Mr. Weston but continue sir with your conversation regarding the will of my late mother The lawyer discovered in the face of Ernest

"Over a certain property in New Orleans might not be considered the guilty wretch that left you by a distant relative, your mother had, of course, no control, together with a few usand dollars cash she held of yours, arms across his broad breast, while he turned his dark, searching eyes upon the maiden, who of money I have here to turn over to you.

"Other than this, you have no claim upon Presently the haughty head was raised, the wealth of golden curls shaken back, and the your respected mother's property." "Mr. Weston, allow me to state, did I see

her, while teardrops glistened in her eyes like | proper I would contest the will that disinherits me, and I believe I could regain my property; Laying her hand upon the arm of Ernest | but the last will of my mother shall remain Maltravers, Ruth said in a voice tremulous inviolate, and not one penny of the wealth she considered her own will I take.

"My poor, poor friend! how you have suf-red. Would that I could take from you the for, but the sad thought that my poor, mis-"It is not the loss of wealth, sir, that I care judging mother went to her grave at enmity with her only sen. Yet I do not reproach her: I will not cast one unkind word or look upon "Ruth, you are the promised wife of her memory, but accept the situation as it is, another; still I can but tell you that I love and pray God to forgive one whom I ever loved

and were it possible for me to claim you as "The sum due me, sir, I will trouble you to came a sharp crack, and the steed ridden by my own, every obstacle and sorrow then, with count out at once, for that is my own, and the infuriated young man fell dead in his "The sum due me, sir, I will trouble you to then I will forever leave this hated sp "But no; you love another, and forever are | Hold, sir! bandy no words with me, for I am in no mood to hear you

"I was merely going to say that if you this night will I sever the bonds that bind me of your New Orleans property, I would render

"I will see you cursed first, sir! and, bark Bless you, my darling; may God forever ye, both of you, until to-morrow morning I bless you; but do nothing rash. Wait yet will be master in this house, where first I saw awhile, and all may be well. Come, the night the light of day, and where the darkness of an A moment more and the two were mounted upon my life; so I bid you leave me this in-

heard behind them, and the next instant, with as you please; but, by Heaven! this night tar-clashing sword and ringing spurs, an officer ry not near me, or I'll not be responsible, in full uniform rode up, and was passing, hounds of the law that you are, for my con-

A magnificent impersonation of anger looked Ernest Maltravers, as he stood proudly Ruth somewhat coldly received the out- erect in the library, his brow dark, his lips

Both felt that their lives were in danger if Through the long hours of that lonely night, Ernest Maltravers paced his weary

dawn aroused him to exertion, and he set about his preparations for his departure. Shortly after sunrise he bade farewell to his servants, and bidding Toby bring his baggage into the town and leave it at the hotel he mounted his horse and rode away, taking

Dismounting before the handsome mansion of Judge Reginald, he threw his bridle rein to a negro servant in waiting, and ascending the broad stairway, was met by Ruth, who started back on beholding his cold, stern face.

What passed between the two lovers none

READER, have you not already wondered, as knew, but an hour after Ernest Maltravers. Amilying at the hotel in the town distant

ten miles from Woodlawn, he met face to face

said: "Can I see you in private, Mr. Maltravers?" "Certainly, sir; come with me to my

Leading the way, the two were soon alone; and in a voice trembling with emotion, Captain Le Roy said: "Mr. Maltravers, I sought you to say that,

in your conduct with Miss Reginald, you have fully sustained the character that all

"I will, sir: you were so fortunate as to save the life of Miss Reginald, and knowing now kindly she felt toward you, although you knew she was my promised wife, you so her affections, won them, and this day she has cast me off."

"From whom do you get this information

"Mr. Maltravers, I beg you not to trifle with me, for I am a desperate man, rendered so by losing the idol of my life. "An hour ago I saw Ralph Reginald, and

in a conversation with him last night, Ruth told him that I was to be discarded, and that room, a stern-looking man of the law, and his clerk, a young man of twenty.

she loved you.

"In fury at having his old companion thus set adrift by his sister, and believing you had taken advantage of your service rendered her, to win her from me, and determined she should not marry a man whose name was Cain-accursed, and whose evil deeds were

upon every tongue, Ralph Reginald left her to seek you at your home, after he had visited a friend who was lying ill at a plantation near "Determined that Ralph Reginald should not fall a victim to your deadly aim, it was my intention to at once find you, and dare you to meet me in the duello, for without

Ruth I have nothing to live for, and if I fall, it will but save the life of her brother." At another time Ernest Maltravers might have acted differently, but, smarting under his misfortunes, and feeling that the whole world was against him, he merged into a dan-

gerous mood, and replied, sheeringly:

"Captain Le Roy, I am at your service whenever you desire, and am willing to meet you late this afternoon at the point of land in front of the Weodlawn estate. As I will have no seconds, sir, you had better come alone, and swords being inconvenient weapons to carry, perhaps our pistols will serve

is as well Upon the same day, when the sun was low in the western horizon, Ernest Maltrayers drew his horse up at the appointed rep

vous, and found Captain Le Roy already there The two men saluted each other coldly, and having measured off thirty paces, took their positions back to back to walk, each one fif-

een steps, and wheel and advance firing Both were nerved to the struggle for life or death, Ernest determined to live for his newfound love, and Percy Le Roy anxious, by aking the life of his enemy, to save Ralph Reginald, who he knew would challenge the young planter, and also there was a lingering ope that Ruth might then return to her first

At a given word the two young men stepped away, counting aloud each step, until to gether they called out the number fifteen, and heeling, Captain Le Roy fired once, twice, thrice, advancing with each shot.

But Ernest Maltravers stood still, cool, de-

rmined, and unhurt, until his foe had discharged his fifth shot and advanced half the distance between them. Then he quickly raised his weapon, a flash

and report followed, and, with a stifled cry, Percy Le Roy fell forward upon his face, the blood spurting from a wound in his left side. Ere Ernest Maltravers could reach the wounded man, the rapid clatter of hoofs resounded through the forest, and the next in-

stant up dashed Ralph Reginald, his face flushed and manner excited. At a glance he took in the situation-his friend lying bleeding upon the ground, and his destroyer standing near, his pistol still in

With a cry of rage he spurred forward, at the same time drawing a revolver from his "Back, sir; back, I say! Would you ride

to your death, Ralph Reginald!" cried Ernest Maltravers, in anger.

tracks, burling his rider to the ground Instantly springing to his feet, Ralph again rushed forward, firing as he came on, until again Ernest Maltravers' deep tones warned But, unheeding, Ralph still came on, and in

an earnest voice came the words Good God forgive me for this act!" Instantly the sharp ring of a revolver was heard, and Ralph Reginald fell dead, a bullet

through his brain. "Accursed indeed is my life now; but I must not tarry here, and after going thus far I will not give her up; yet she must never

Springing into his saddle, Ernest Maltravers ode away from the fatal spot with the speed of the wind, and in half an hour dashed up to

the door of the Riverdale mansion. An hour passed, and in the stilly night two

forms came forth from the house, and mounting the one steed, rode swiftly away toward the river-bank, where was a landing, toward which a steamer was then approaching.

A few moments more of anxious suspen and Ernest Maltravers and Ruth Reginald had left behind them the quiet plantation homes upon the Mississippi, and were embark-ed, for good or evil, upon the broad face of the earth, never more to wander together, again, amid the scenes where both had known so much of pleasure and of pain. (To be continued.)

### Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET. AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONSPIRACY DISCOVERED.

LEONA was not without compunction of conscience for the promise she had given to aid in the nefarious project of Rashleigh. He had, indeed, found it difficult to persuade her. But he prevailed finally by arguments founded on her belief that she would really do the girl a service. It had become manifest that, without years of scientific instruction, Elodie could not command the fame and fortune of a prima donna. It was not worth while to continue concert-giving in the provinces. Madame Leona felt not a little disappointed at the result, and listened the more willingly to Rash-leigh's representations that a large fortune would come to Elodie on her marriage with his son: a marriage that need be but a mere formality, as the young man was rather deficient in mental qualities, and the inferior of Elodie in education. Once married, her claim on the money, which was barred by illegitimate birth, would be united with that of the young man and she would enter into instant possession As soon as she reached her majority she would

have the sole control of the property.

Rashleigh was to pay Madame Leona very handsomely for her assistance; and by this promise of remuneration she had been induced to remain with her charge. She had been brought over to consent to aid in the strange marriage, by being convinced that the girl herself, when in possession of independence, would be glad of what she had done. And if dissatisfied—the woman reasoned—what so easy as to procure the annulment of such a marriage, and the equitable division of the

But Leona resolved that she would take no active part. She would simply attend to the duties she had undertaken, and be ready with help in case of the girl's need of it. She was so delicate and sensitive, an experienced friend ought to stand by her; and then, in the event of trouble afterward. Leona could shelter herself behind the plea that she had had nothing to do with the matter. In fact, she might man age the affair so as to seem ignorant of all that

Bright as the morning looked the fair young girl when she awoke, after a night of unbro The thought of "going home" had been as new life to her. She walked to the windows of her sitting room and saw the sun lit mists lifting themselves from the marshy waste, and the tall trees on the verge glistening with dew-drops illuminated. She warbled a melody that might have charmed the birds to listen. She threw up the sash, and let the cool, moist air play on her face, and breathed

it deeply, as if drinking in health When Leona came with the tray of break fast, she partook heartily of the broiled game, oysters and omelet, and drank the rich coffee When she with exclamations of approval.

Leona would not permit her to do anything ith her own hands. "You will have need of all your strength," she said. "Any fatigue in your present state is dangerous." So Elodie merely superintended the work. singing merrily the while, though her voice

nothing of its former power.
Why have you left out this dress?" she ask

ed, pointing to a white silk laid out on the bed, with its sash and lace bertha. "I shall not cret. want to wear it soon in New York." "But I hoped you would give us the plea-

sure on the last evening of your stay here, to see you once more look like yourself." Elodie laughed. Am I to be dressed in all that finery—in

such a place as this—for the benefit of the frogs that serenade us every night?"
A laugh echoed her words, and Leona start ed up, pale as death, and ran to the door.

was only Catherine, the maid of all work, who stood looking at the splendid dress through the open door of the bedroom. Madame Leona frowned, and bade her begone, and not come in that way searing people. The girl gave her a significant, searching

look as she went down the stairs. But, indeed, I shall not want the dress, persisted Elodie. "Put it in that trunk." With some hesitation she was obeyed.

By the evening everything was in readiness for a journey. The excitement did the invalid good. She ate her meals heartily; she had gained more than in a week before. She talked cheerfully of her anticipations and plans

Leona became nervous. How was she to delay their departure the next day, the day on Rashleigh and his son were to arrive! She had gone too far to retreat. The opportunity of retrieving her fortunes and making herself independent for life, might be marred

by the willfulness of her charge. The difficulty was solved for her the next | break morning. It was raining torrents!

Leona gave an exclamation of joy when she threw open the blinds, and drew aside the cur-When she found Elodie up and halfdressed, she told her of the state of the wea-They could not possibly set out in such

The girl went to the window and looked at the clouds, with expressions of chagrin and

It cannot rain at this rate all day," she ob-But, my dear, it would be madness, sheer

madness, for you to risk health and life, by venturing out in the wet weather, and you so weak! Have patience; to-morrow will come!"

"Even if it rains!"

"I can send and engage a covered wagon; we will set off as early as you please. Only tion!"
make up your mind to stay indoors to-day. "A See, how heavy the mists are settling. Be as yees such a light slip of a thing! But will cheerful as possible; I have some illustrated ye wait for the dark, honey?" papers you have not seen."

She brought an armful of these, and then went to ring for breakfast.

"I am going down, madame," said the girl.
"I cannot stay in my rooms. I must walk a little; and I want to see if the carryall is ready

I attended to that yesterday." "Let me have my own way. I am determined to go down."

The breakfast was eaten in the dining-room of the house; a cheerless room enough. But Elodie did justice to the really excellent repast, and walked about the dwelling, making the inquiries she wished, and watching the driving clouds from the windows. She thought they might set out in the afternoon if it clear ed; but of that there was no prespect.

Madame Leona quitted her side scarcely a

moment the whole day. She strove to keep up her spirits by conversation, yet her own courage began to fail as the hours passed, bringing nearer the dreaded night.

The storm was swept away by a north-west wind about five o'clock, and the sun set clear in a bank of purple and gold resting upon the

wooded hills in the distance Elodie had sat by the window of the little sitting-room, watching the shifting clouds, for an hour and more; and when Madame Leona left her for a few minutes, she went out into the veranda for a breath of the moist air. She began to walk up and down, her eyes fixed upon the rich sunset promising "a goodly mor

Suddenly she started, hearing her name uttered in an eager whisper. She saw a head put forth from the angle of the building, and recognized that of Catherine, the attendant.

'Hist-whist!" the woman whispered, with a cautious gesture, as Elodie came to the end of the veranda. "I have been thryin' all day to get a chance to speak to ye, but the mad-

"What do you wish, Catherine?" asked her young mistress.
"Oh, whist, for the love of heaven!" she whispered, with agonized looks of alarm around

"What do you fear? Do you want to see us directly." Yes, indade I do; the heart of me will be clane broke inthirely if I don't tell ye! I've

been watchin' all day-" Then come to my chamber. No one shall

disturb us there. Come after me." Elodie went indoors and up the stairs to her own apartment. She locked and bolted the door of the sitting-room, and passing into her bedroom, placed the door slightly ajar.

Presently Catherine came up, carrying a tray of caudles. Her steps were noiseless, and she came straight to the door, where Elodie stood to receive her. As she went in the door was closed and bolted behind her. Now we shall not be disturbed. Tell me

what it is. The woman set down the tray, clasped her

hands, and sunk upon her knees.
"It's thankful I am, Miss, to have the word with ye, late, as it is!" she sighed, fervently, though in a whisper.
"But what is it?"

With a fearful glance about her, the woman rose, stooped her head close to Elodie's, and whispered very low, but distinctly: It's careful ye must be, honey, not to

dhrink the tay they bring ye to-night."
"The tea! Who is to bring me tea?" "Hush, spake low, honey; it might cost both our lives if she heard us."

Cost our lives! If who heard us? What do you mean?" This, dear: don't dhrink the tay; not a

sup; not a dhrop."
"Why not?" "Bekase-it'll be dhrugged for ye."

"Drugged-my tea! Has any one ever done such a thing?" dhraw wid me own hands; and I'd never have had finished the meal, she gave directions to complete the packing for their removal.

suspected the like, if me own ears hadn't heard the same." "What have you heard? When!"

Who came? Not Mr. Rashleigh?

The woman gave a series of nods, laying her What did he come for? I heard nothing

" No; they wouldn't let you into the say

"What secret? Tell me, instantly. "I heard them at their plotting, Miss. I was coming in from the cellar, an' whin I heard the whispering, and a man's voice talking to the madame, I jist bided a bit by the big crack in the flure yonder, where I could her word! Och! the murtherin' spalpeen!" What did you hear?

"This, darlin': the ould man manes to marry ye to his son.

He cannot do that!" "Hist! but he won't go the fair way. He's to put somethin' in the tay to make ye crazy, and not knowin' what ye're about, and to have the praste and groom all ready—bad luck to 'em' and have the ceremony over, and ye in a sound sleep afther, and to carry ye off as a bride

The girl's quick perception took in the plot "When was this to be done?" she asked.

"This very night, me darlint."
Elodie shuddered; a thrill of horror ran through her frame.

And madame!-she consented to such a foul treachery?" Faix, and she did! But she'd not do it

wid her own hands! she would have it to say she'd naught to do wid the matther—in case things turned out badly. Millia murther-but deep one she is. The girl's hands covered her face; but she

suppressed the sobs that struggled for out-"I was to make the tay, and the masther

the dhrug. But we're ahead of them, you and me, honey Oh, what shall I do? waited the poor girl.

wringing her hands.
"I'll tell you what: jist make believe you've dhrunk the tay, and throw it behind the fire; and then purtind it's taken effect in puttin' ye to shlape before the praste can begin his pal

No, not who can tell what they might do? they might kill me, and sink me in the marsh yonder: Oh, Catherine, I have no friend but

"An' I'll stand by ye, honey! If they touch

a hair of your head-"We have no close carriage; you could never reach the station. Be satisfied to wait.

"We must get away from here—to night, at once! You must go with me, Catherine." at once! You must go with me, Catherine." Ay, that will I, darlint, to the world's end! But how can we get away?"

"I can walk-I'm sure I can-to the sta "An' if ye tire, it's meself that can carry

"Indeed'n I do-every inch of it! Couldn't sick passenger by assuring her that the we go to Squire Barber's—it's only three miles—and they wouldn't follow us there."

They might; we must take the train. We

then put it back in her pocket.
"But the madame! She'll raise the hue and suggested the Irishwoman.

"She must know nothing! She would intercept us. We must steal out, Catherine." And how shall we get away from her?" "We can get out the back way, while she is

at supper. The masther will be here before then." "Then we must lock her in her own room, and escape before she can get out."

There seemed in reality no other way. By dusk the men would be in the house; the feeble strength of Elodie could be overpowered readily; it would be scarcely possible to escape un-seen. Madame would be deputed to see that she drank the tea prepared for her. There was not a moment to lose

The young girl felt her presence of mind rise with the emergency. She tossed to Catherine a hat and shawl she had been accustomed to wear when walking on the veranda, and, gliding from the room, went to the door of Leona's on the opposite side of the narrow hall.

The room was kept locked by the madame, and when she went in to change her dress, she usually left the key on the outside. It was so, fortunately, on the present occasion. heard her singing inside, as she was trailing a tion. dress from the closet where it had hung.

Quick as thought she turned the key, and drew it out of the lock. The singing went on, and by that she judged that Leona heard no-

mantle and hood from the wardrobe, and seized the hand of Catherine, who was already equipped. Both sped noiselessly down the stairs, and left the house.

"Bide a minute here, n said; and away she flew.

The five minutes or n

"She may not see us," cried the escaped prisoner, "and the turn in the road will hide

CHAPTER XIV.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT. THE two fugitives took the road leading to the railway station. Elodie clung to Catherine's arm, and was thus enabled to walk very fast. She refused the woman's entreaties that she would stop and rest, when they were out of sight of the house by Saltmarsh.

"No, no, we must hurry on?" she cried. 'Madame Leona will soon discover that we are missing, if she has not already; and she will pursue us. 'What if she does, Catherine? She is stronger than I am!"

"It's meself that would fight for you, Miss, and to the death!" said the sturdy woman. You must do so, Catherine, if she does try to drag me back. I have not a weapon to de-fend myself. Oh, if there were a farm-house, or a cabin, I would beg help of anybody.'

'There is none nearer than Squire Barber's and the masther might come there, and tell his lies, and say you were his son's wife, and a crazy woman, Miss."

"Very true; and they might give me up. The station is nearest. Oh, how I wish it were

The good woman reassured her by saying

they could get at least half way there, before the "madam" could manage to get out of her "She'll spend a quarther of an hour in call in' me, ye see; for she'll think directly that I've locked the door unbeknownst, as she tould me wance to do, if I found it open when she was away from it."

'Did she? I am very glad of that!" 'Surely; and she'll niver suspect any wan else! Her room looks on the road, and she knows my quarthers are on t'other side. I must laugh to think how she'll yell for me! I've often wondhered what she kept so precious in that room, that she always locked it!

"Her cosmetics, I suppose," answered Elo-die, and then remembering that her faithful attendant would not understand the word, she explained it as well as her failing breath

yould let her. They had walked very fast over three fourths of a mile, when the delicate girl's to the window. The sheet was not quite long strength began to give way. She drew her breath gaspingly, and clung closer to her com-panion's arm; Catherine would have lifted and carried her, but she would not permit that much as she feared being overtaken. The woman flung one arm around her waist, and half carried her some rods further; but her limbs failed her. With a groan of despair she sunk

upon the ground. They were sheltered by a clump of bushes growing by the roadside. Catherine removed the young lady's hood, to give her fresh air, nd softly drew her head to her own shoulder, bidding her rest. Elodie whispered that she would be able to go on in a few minutes. She had not thought of bringing with her any stim-ulant, in view of her need of a restorative.

The roll of wheels was heard approaching! Elodie looked up, terrifled, into her protect tor's face. It was growing dark so rapidly, she had hopes that any carriage might pass without seeing them; but she did not know Catherine answered the look by clasping her

more closely.
"Lie still, honey!" she whispered. "Make no sound, while I bide listening. In two or three minutes she released har

clasp, and rose to her feet. The wheels were those of a loaded wagon, and came from a cross-road, just ahead Bidding the young lady keep still, Cather

ine stepped boldly into the road. In a moment she returned; took up Elodie in her arms, and carried her out to the wagon, which had stopped. Elodie gave a cry of apprehension

Whisht, me darlint! there's room for you, himself—he'll be here shortly—was to put in | and a nice chance to ride to the station," she She had asked the wagoner's hospitality for "a sick leddy," going to her friends in New York, and he had consented to displace one of

the boxes with which his wagon was loaded, piling it in front, to make room for her. The young invalid was lifted to the vacant lace, and Catherine took the shawl from her vn shoulders to make a pillow for her head

But where are you going to sit? asked "I shall just walk, and take hould of the wagon behind," replied the Irishwoman

This she did, keeping close to her charge, who held one of her strong hands, part of the time, in her own soft clasp. Thus they went to the station, which proved to be fully three miles from the house on the marsh.

As they drew near, the whistle of a coming train was heard, with the rush of its approach. Elodie started up in affright. But the lights gleaming like eyes in the darkness showed plainly that the train came from the opposite direction to the one leading to the

"down train" to the city would not be along for nearly an hour.

'Suppose they should have come by this!" are safe, once at the station. I have money to take us both to New York."

She pulled out a silken purse, half-filled, and sently the stout, strong arms lifted the girl from her perch on the wagon, to carry her in-

to the waiting-room.

Elodie insisted on rewarding the kind wagoner, and did so with a liberal fee, besides her darkness. thanks. She objected to being taken to the waiting-room. If by any chance Rashleigh and his party should be on board the up-train, they might come in there.

Catherine assured her there was no chance of that; adding the information that while brought him from the hospital. following the wagon, a few minutes before their arrival, she had distinctly seen the lights of a close carriage, which had passed them, going rapidly in the other direction.

that you were safe in the wagon, honey!" she said. "They could not see me either, for the long box stickin' out behind."
"Do you think Mr. Rashleigh was in that

"And what a mercy of Providence it was

carriage?" asked Elodie 'I'm that sure of it that I wouldn't feel safe if he'd seen me!" answered the woman. "Oh, then, what are we to do? He'll miss back before the train comes. It is not due for forty minutes yet, I heard the porter

For once, Catherine could make no sugges-

"I dare not stay in the waiting-room, nor on the platform anywhere!" wailed the poor hunted girl. "And I dare not ask protection from the agent. Men always refuse to believe

"Bide a minute here, me darlint," Catherine

The five minutes or more of her absence were like the interval of hours to the terrified fugitive, who knew there was no safety for her when once her pursuer should have discovered her flight. The distance to the house could be driven over in less than ten minutes,

she felt convinced. "Be 'asy, honey," whispered a comforting into the nearest car.

Thus the fugitives voice in her ear. spake to the baggage-man, and tould him ye were abducted from your fri'nds, and had barely made your escape, with only me to help ye. The baggage-masther will have a place for us in his own express-car, and slip ye in unbeknownst. I shall go with you—don't be afraid. But I had to promise a lot of

Elodie uttered an exclamation of grateful If there was not enough in her purse, she said, she would give him the diamond ring she wore upon her forefinger.

The sagacious Catherine had rightly judged as to Leona's conclusions and behavior. When she discovered that her door was locked, she was certain it had been done by the servant, in pursuance of her instructions. She called her loudly, and throwing up the window, shouted till she was hourse. She called Elodie, and beat desperately at the door.

Then the truth flashed on her brain. had been duped by the girl. By some means the conspiracy had become known, and the intended victim had fled. What was to be

Leona was full of rage. She knew the entire blame would be thrown on her by Rash-Yet it might be possible to overtake the fugitives, if she could pursue them at once. The young girl could not walk far at a rapid pace. She must stop frequently to rest; and as Leona knew the road they would take—inevitably the one leading to the station—the pursuer might easily intercept their flight.

It was growing dark fast, however. With her scissors the captive tried to force the lock of the door; but it had been put on roughly on the other side, and the keyhole re-

She might almost leap from the window he veranda, there being no roof to it on that side. Quickly as her fingers could work, she knotted a corner of one of the sheets, and tied the other to the bedstead, which she dragged enough; she was obliged to light a lamp ar tie on the other sheet, and to test the str of this substitute for a rope-ladder. Luckily t was but a few feet she had to descend; having ascertained beyond a doubt that it would bear her weight, she stepped out upon the window-sill, and drew the bedstead close to it. Grasping the twisted sheet, she trem blingly let herself down, and reached the

veranda in safety. It was now quite dark, and she had to go in kitchen for another light, and to explore house. It took her some time to get the lanp lighted, as the wood fire was out, and the match-box mislaid. After a most vexatious delay, she obtained the light, and ran up-

Elodie, she soon discovered, had gone out; her hood and cloak were missing; also the shawl and hat she usually put on when leaving her room. Catherine must have been the com

panion of her flight. Seizing another light shawl, Leona hurried down-stairs, and out in the road. It was so dark she could not discern objects at a short distance, and after going a few yards, she stopped, conscious that her pursuit would be

The only thing to be done was to watch for the arrival of Rashleigh, and send him after

the runaways. She paced the veranda for what seemed hours to her impatience, before she saw the lights of the carriage-lamps. It came rapidly down the road, and stopped at the gate.

Rashleigh alighted first, and Leona called to him. The alarm was given in her quick, eager tones. "Hush!" he whispered, as he left the carriage and came through the gate.

"Mr. Rashleigh! for mercy's sake lose no station by this time!' "Who-Elodie?"

"Yes-yes; and she has Catherine with her! I had just stepped into my room, and the door was locked on me! It took me such a time to get out that I had lost sight of

A torrent of profane imprecations, in which the outwitted guardian was not spared, came from the disappointed man.
"How came she to know anything?" he

asked, when he had vented his rage.
"How can I tell! She learned nothing from me. Aha!" as a light broke on her per ceptions-"I have it! Catherine must have been listening when you spoke to me the other night! She heard your words, and repeated

them to the girl." "I will go back at once!" cried Rashleigh. the direction to the one leading to the "I have just time! The others will stay; take the wagoner comforted the supposed care of my son!"

He dashed out of the gate, sprung into the carriage, from which three men had just alighted, and called out to the driver:

To the nearest station—and double fare if you get me there in time for the down train!" The carriage had been hired at a station some three miles further down, to throw suspicion off the track. The driver wheeled about, and the rapid rolling of the vehicle could be heard after it had vanished in the

A man in clerical dress, wearing a waterproof cloak, led into the house a youth of about nineteen, who looked about him wonderingly and smiled at everything he saw. They were followed by the attendant who had

Leona, vexed to the heart, and chafing inwardly, was obliged to show these unwelcome guests into the parlor, to replenish the fire, and to light one in the kitchen for the pre-

paration of their supper. She had sagacity enough to know that it was not at all likely Rashleigh would return. He would pursue the fugitives to the city, unless he were too late for the train.

It was a bitter humiliation to her to have the strangers thrust on her for the night; but there was no help for it. She must play the maid-of-all-work, for the first and last time. me presently, and he will have time to drive Before breakfast, she determined she would be on her own way to New York.

The driver of the carriage was resolved to earn the double fare promised. The whistle of the coming train broke on their ears just as they reached the station. Rashleigh sprung out, paid the fare, and was barely in time to procure his ticket. He asked if two women,

ne of them a young girl, had taken tickets. No; the agent had seen nothing of them. a helpless woman, against a man who will tell

But a man dressed like a coachman, who
She ran back to her own room, snatched a any falsehood in claiming her! What shall slood on the platform, heard the question, and

called out: "All right, boss; I see'd 'em myself. The gal was delicate like, and had to be helped to

"The same, my good fellow; where are "You'll find 'em forrard! They went ahead of the smoking car. They're on the train."
The cry of "All aboard!" warned Rashleigh that he had not a minute to lose.

Thus the fugitives and their pursuer went to New York together. (To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

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"Do you know the way, Catherine p"

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

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A PARSON'S DAUGHTER. the SATURDAY JOURNAL, but soon after its publication passed out of print, owing to the most unexpected demand for it, by new readers. Then the trade began to call for it, but, though we earnestly desired to meet the wishes of all, it has never been feasible to reintroduce it to our pages, until the present.

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which make the story "Too Enticing for Anything,"

ter's deep love for the boy-all are features

as a noted journalist said upon its first appearance. It is radiant with humor and fun; it is touching in its affections; it is full of a real hunter's interest in its incidents of trapping and hunting; it is pervaded by the wilder interest of danger and flerce adventure with the dreaded Blackfeet, and the animosity of the Hudson Bay Fur Company's Brigades-rendering it, altogether.

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### Sunshine Papers. Neighborliness.

"AT auction! La! sakes, you don't say so, Sary Ann! The Highfliers goin' to sell out at auction? Well, well, if it don't beat all! Though you know I allers told you, Sary Ann, it was a long lane that had no turnin', and they'd come to the end of their tether afore long, with their stuck-up notions, and fine dresses, and keeping of a hoss and kerridge just to ride out with. And I hain't an idee but they're a-goin' to clear out because they're head over heels in debt. That's what such spendthrifts gin'rally come to.

"Mrs. Highflier did all her own work? Well what if she did, I'd like to know, Sary Ann Ain't I allers done my own work? And what's more. I never found time besides to fly around the country every day, in fine gowns, and keep a house full of company, and how she ever did it is more'n I can tell. But then 'tain't noways likely but she was a dreadful, careless, shiftless housekeeper.

"Her rooms always looked pretty? Well they might, and she wastin' her husband's money on books and pictur's. I wonder if they think their pictur's 'll bring much? La! sakes, just as if people could afford to pay for pic tures! Well, well, I must run over and see if Mrs. Bayler's goin' to the auction."

Rap! rap! rap! sounds the auctioneer's ham-mer in the Highfliers' cettage; and buzz, buzz, buzz, sound the voices of dozens of eager

'Jest look at them napkins, Mis' Bayler. Regular damask! Ain't it enough to make one shudder at such extravagance? and Sary Ann says Mis' Highflier used 'em every day for her own family; and then the little ones for tea. And such towels! I shall bid for them, though I don't mean to go high; most likely they cost nigh a dollar apiece; plenty good enough for our folks; and I keep two white ones for the spare room, though they're beginnin' to wear a leetle."

'Going! going! gone! these two fine chromos, for ten dollars, to Squire Hill," announced the auctioneer; and the neighbors shake their heads, and say Mis' Highflier ought to be here and see how much other people think of her fine pictures, and wonder if it would not have mortified her to have heard them going for ten dollars; and the squire gloats over his bargain-not that he cares much for the pictures, only he got them so cheap-and the whole community remain in happy ignorance that the two pictures cost just half what they were sold for at the auction. Then the people inspect the china, and say how shiftless it was of Mrs. Highflier to use it common, and frown

and say spiteful things over the nice bedding, and turn over the tinware, wondering if it was always kept as clean. They poke among the jars of preserves, and think the sittingroom was dreadfully fixed up, and wonder what the Highfliers wanted of such fancy ottomans, and how they could afford so many stores. The men inspect the outer arrangements, and indulge in doubts concerning the soundness of the horse, the strength of the carriage, the working order of the feed-cutter, and affect to despise such trumpery as lawnmower and rose-sprinklers.

The auctioneer talks, and raps, and raps, and talks, and makes good bargains, and earns a liberal percentage, and returns fair profits to the pockets of the Highfliers.

And Sary Ann is informed at night:

"Well, it beats anything I ever saw, the new-flangled notions that was in that house. A flour-sifter that worked with a crank, things to core apples, and seed raisins, and squeeze lemons, and cook eggs right on the table, and the most amazing egg-beaters! And red nap-kins, and baskets for hair-pins on the bureaus, and the fanciest fixin's for flowers, and scraps, and paper, and matches, and for scentin'

"She made 'em all herself? Well, who said she didn't, Sary Ann, but 'pears to me 'twas an awful waste of time for which she'll have to account, some day. Think of the rag carpets she might 'a' been a sewin'.
"They're goin' to board in the city? Well,

they'll come to want yet, I ain't a doubt! "Mr. Groves says they don't owe no one a cent? Perhaps Mr. Groves don't know everything; but, what if they don't, Sary Anne most likely they starved themselves to keep up a show; and I shouldn't wonder if she hadn't hardly a thing to her back except her fine dresses. Pity she hadn't sold her clothes at

Chat.-Eve Lawless gives, in this number. me good hints in regard to home amuse ments. Remembering that home is just what we make it, each member of the household ought to be willing to add his or her share to the amusement fund, and thus contribute to make their own particular home the pleasantest of all.

Nothing contributes more to the evening's pleasures than the preparation and delivery of good dialogues or little dramas, arranged for parlor presentation. The household which can partor presentation. The household which can muster three or four children has all the "actors" necessary. With the help and advice of their elders the young folks will produce dramas, recitations, tableaux, acting charades, etc., with most delightful effect, and at the same time benefit the participants amazingly in elocution, grace of bodily motion and dramatic expression. Parents ought to be only matic expression. Parents ought to be only too willing to encourage their children in thi class of entertainments, for it is a school in it-

In the new volume (No. 16) of the charming "Dime Dialogues" series, published by Beadle and Adams, the young folks will find some very amusing and taking pieces, capitally adapted for evening home entertainments of amateur exhibitions, prepared expressly for ready production in any ordinary house or

The trouble with almost all the parlor and school-drama books is the introduction of scenes, situations, costumes, etc., which render the reproduction of the dramas impraction able, to a serious degree; hence many teach ers prefer to write their own pieces for exhibition—thus to overcome the difficulties of which the published dramas take no note. The "Dime Dialogues," now numbering sixteen volumes, (12mo.: 100 pages each,) have been an enormous success, first from their sprightly nature, and second because they anicipate and provide for the needs and necessities of every school or home stage.

We can commend these exceedingly cheap

and unexceptionably good books to our homes and schools as just the aid they want in providing their young folks with the necess material for their public and private entertainments.

Our Mr. David Adams, just home from his ten weeks' run in the Old World, made his passages, both going and coming, in the magnificent steamer City of Berlin. The home run was accomplished in the extraordinary time of seven days eighteen hours and two minutesthus beating, by several hours, the quickest passage heretofore made by any steamer. The City of Berlin is literally an ocean monster, beng five hundred and twenty feet in deck ngth! That so large a vessel should make such wonderful speed is certainly a great tri umph in engineering and naval architecture. In the out passage, among the episodes of the voyage, was a raffle, for the benefit of a poor sailor, of a perfect fac-simile model of the great steamer, made by the sailor-"true to life," even to black ropes and hawse-holes. This miniature, falling to Mr. A's number, now ornaments our office, and makes a some-what unique feature of the "sanctum" of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE almost constant demand for the "goodooking face" of Buffalo Bill will be answered in a manner to please all. With a future issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we shall present very reader with a fine colored portrait of Mr. Cody, printed on heavy paper for framing an announcement which will be received with great pleasure by his host of friends.

### HOME ENJOYMENTS.

HOME can be made one of the most enjoyable places on earth if people were only willing to make it so. Some individuals imagine that amusements, to be good, must necessarily be costly. That's a very erroneous idea. What can be pleasanter than having the group assembled in the parlor while some one of the family circle reads aloud? It always seems selfish not to read aloud when one can entertain a whole roomful, with no more trouble than in silent reading. The newspaper or book can be enjoyed by so many at one time that it is fulfilling a double duty. You may say there are matters in the book and paper that are not fit to be read aloud, and I may be just enough of a heathen to tell you that such matters are not fit to be read to eneself, and that such books and papers should not be read at all, and, what is more, they should not be printed. But there are enough pure and good publications to be had, both in prose and verse -printed words that teach us courage, perseverance, self-reliance, and a great many more virtues which will have a good effect upon a household; the reader will feel that he is not only enjoying himself, but is causing enjoyat her wine glasses; but in trying to outbid ment for others and doing good to one and all each other for possession of them, give a price at the same time. This reading aloud at home that would have brought joy to the hearts of keeps the family group together; it prevents

tradesmen. They search the house for dirt, the members from straying to less pure amusements; it causes a feeling of love and friendship to pervade the hearts of the household: it interests and instructs them; the hours do not seem so long nor the time so dreary; it cheers, enlivens and instructs. When one reader grows tired, let another take up the pleasant task and let the former reader be-

> You can have music, too, at no expense, if you wish. We cannot all have parlor grand pianos, nor revel in cabinet organs, but we can let our voice take the place of those useful instruments, for we can sing. How many a care has been lightened, how many a burden made less hard to bear, by having a real, downright good sing!

come a hearer.

There's a great deal of music in the voices of children, so do not debar the youngsters from having a hearty laugh, even though it chances to be a somewhat noisy one. It isn't every day the laughter of a child reaches us, and childhood lasts such a seemingly little while that it is a pity to crush out the spirits that are so harmless. How happy a home is where there are merry children's faces, careless children's laughter, and how cruel it seems in some people who would put all this inno-cent amusement out of sight, who put far away from them some of the most beautiful and innocent amusements of home life! houldn't care for a home from which all life and light were excluded, and there are many others who hold the same opinion.

Don't sit like a roomful of mummies when at home, with gloomy visages and silent tongues, as though your tongues were too pre-cious to be wasted by speech. Let conversation serve as a home amusement, and let each one see which can relate the most amusing anecdote or tell the most interesting story. Don't be afraid to give your opinions on various topics. Don't be timid in asking questions oncerning matters that you are ignorant of, and be good-natured enough to inform others about matters that are foreign to them. parents and children were more sociable with each other, and did not act as though a barrier were placed between them, far happier would many a home be. Where the fault lies hat there is such a width of confidence between parents and children, it is hard to tell; there may be faults on both sides, as there generally is in all cases. It wouldn't be bad to make a change for the better. Social conversation is, indeed, a pure and healthful nusement, and one from which great benefits may be derived.

Stay more at home, good friends, and make t more cheerful. Let your kindest thoughts and dearest affections center in your home, and, by-and-by, you will grow so fond of it you will dislike to leave it. Plan new pleasures and amusements for the household, and let one and all find their chief enjoyments at EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

A Few Facts Concerning the Dun. Notes from a note-book.

THE Dun is a human being of the genus man though we are hardly likely to place him in this class—with features rather hard, disguised in a sort of thin smile, which you can see through at once, and which evaporates as soon as you tell him "some time next week."

This photograph may be superfluous, since on all know his face to your satisfaction.

He delights to "just be passing and thought he would drop in and see you" when you are least expecting him, and then his face is as welcome as your mother-in-law's. He has no seasonable hours; all seasons are

The Dun comes after his due, and when he

does come what can you do?

I have often remarked how pleasantly you meet him on the street. He shakes hands with you with moneyed cordiality; every shake seems to be endeavoring to jerk a dollarbill from you. He inquires after your health and brings up with a bang about a big bill he has to meet to-day, and if, and if-well, if you had never been born you think you would be the happiest man in town, without any doubt He is about the first man you meet; it don't

appen so—it is fate. Fate and he seem to be boon companions. It is impossible to avoid him in a crowd:

every time you shift your place he is always a little bit closer to you. The last move you make there he is with "glad to see you." Your happiness is not entirely unbounded. You have seen the time when you were more

He always seems to hold off until you have money. That's just your luck. He is a national stumbling-block upon our idewalks, and you are always sure to strike

He is painfully punctual when you set a future hour to see him, and a little less thoughtfulness on his part would be more agreeable You never have to hang around and wait and worry yourself to death, and let your urgent business go, and your dinner get cold when he has promised to come, because he is always on hand, like fingers, at the appointed

and few between. He is not the man to get discouraged in coming; the more he comes the more anxious he seems to be to come again, and the more anxious we are to tell him to.

hour, and his visits are like angels' visits, short

He is not the man to make any sport over your poverty, or to make light of it. It pleases him to say that you disparage your own fortunes and situation, and he loves to do his best to convince you that you are not so poor as you represent yourself to be, which is

He is the most polite man you ever met in all your life, even if his politeness is death to you, and you don't like so much attention. No matter how many cold shoulders you

give him, or how badly you treat him, he always sticks to you, and wouldn't part with you for anything else except money. He values you to the amount of the very last cent on the due-bill which he may hold against

vou; so you see his friendship possesses a money value which others may not, and, however highly he may consider you, he is always ready to give you a receipt in full, without any dis count or relief from valuation or appraisement

One of the most mistaken ideas that a man can have in the world is that he always considers you rich. He always brings a little piece of paper

quently wants many dollars for it; but, that's It does no good to tell him not to bother himself about it, because it's the bother he's

which you wouldn't give five cents for and fre

after-money understood. He is the most independent man in the world, and he troubles you more than you

Sometimes you get so utterly regardless of | less is never noticed.

the finer points of human nature that you come within three or four feet of the wish thatth e Dun had been born in the wilds of Ethiopia and couldn't find his way out. It would be an Ethiopiate, indeed.

He is never very bashful about telling you what profession he is following, and you respect his calling—although his calling isn't al-

It is no use to try to cross the street to avoid one Dun, because, ten to one, you will run into the arms of another, for they stand like mileposts along the sidewalk of life to tell you which way and how you are bound.

They never forget your face; they could tell you at a masquerade-ball.

The Dun is the last person you hope to, and

The Dun doesn't improve on acquaintance; the more you are acquainted with him the less

you like each other. But, here comes a Dun, so I am done. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Topics of the Time.

-DAME FASHION, with more consideration than usual, orders that "combination salts" shall continue in vogue this coming winter. These are times best suited to economy, and to These are times best suited to economy, and to give the girls a chance to use the bits and ends of one kind of material and another lying about, is eminently right and proper. It is much more conducive to good mental and bodily health just now to use old rather than to buy new dressgoods. Merchants and dress makers may not like this advice but papas will. Merchants and dress-makers have had a long and profitable reign, and they can now whittle their finger-nails, awhile—perhaps!

—This is the season of the year when it is too late to wear nankeen trowsers, and too early to put up the stove; when the poet of the period points triumphantly to the glory of the scene; and when man, standing beneath the illimitable expanse of heaven, and covered with goose-pimples, drinks in the magnificence of autumn. Order up the saw-horse and go for the pine wood! -This is the season of the year when it is too

—An English traveler, Mr. Hartshorne, gave the British Association the other day an account of the Weddas, a wild tribe which lives in the interior of Ceylon. These Weddas are about five feet high, live on water and roast monkeys, and are, he reports, incapable of laughter. That may be because they are incapable of paying for a "smile" and "no trust" is the law. Our benevolent societies should look into the matter and supply the little savages with food for laugh ter—gloves for instance.

James Lick, the California millionaire-philanthropist, is described as thin-visaged, sharp-angled in forehead and chin and nose, with a shock of matted and tangled black hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, covering his head nearly down to his eyes. His eyes are a cold, pale blu-lsh-gray, and glassy, and a long, straggling under-beard covers his chin. Not a very prepos-sessing physiognomy, truly. We don't wonder, however, seeing what a name he has had to carry through life ry through life

ry through life.

—Apropos to the big stealing going on, in high places, is this illustration, with a moral: A Tenth-warder, (in Detroit, of course,) somewhat under the influence of Detroit chloroform, approached an acquaintance the other day and remarked: "See here, Bill, they say you called me a sheep-thief." "Yes, I did." "Well, you've got to apologize or I'll lick you!" "I'll be happy to apologize. I called you a sheep-thief-but I mis-spoke myself—I meant to say that you had been in jail for stealing a horse!" "That's manly," said the Tenth-warder. "Let's take a drink. I knew you didn't think I'd pick up anything smaller'n a horse." A horse may seem a big thing for Detroit, but anything under ten thousand dollars is a sheep steal in respectable circles, down-east. eles. down-east.

woman suffrage in Wyoming was a success—that is, it didn't make men any worse or women any better, but such items as the following make us duestion if the success is not a dangerous precedent: A Wyoming jury—the item states—composed of seven men and five women were shut up for two days and two nights and yet they couldn't agree. It is said that if they had remained out for seventeen years there would have been no verdict, as the five women talked the seven men deaf the first six hours. Which may be called doing the courting business with a vengeance. As men, heretofore, have done all vengeance. As men, heretofore, have done all the courting, now that woman has a legal right to participate in jury duty, she means to show what she can effect, in the shortest possible

-The direct Atlantic cable is now in working —The direct Atlantic cable is now in working order. As a first effect of the competition it brought Cyrus W. Field to a realizing sense that the bed of the Atlantic ocean didn't belong to him exclusively, and messages that until lately cost a small fortune to dispatch are now eagerly sought for at twenty-five cents a word, address free. But, we mustn't be too enthusiastic over the matter, for the rivals may coalesce and then up go the rates again! The combination of the several great coal companies in Pennsylvania several great coal companies in Pennsylvania shows what power there is in might. Atlantic sables will make a big ring when they ring in on rates.

ound, which in the concentrated form of a pow-er, possesses all the qualities of lager beer. One other of the parinto a gain of water win produce a beverage that cannot be distinguished from ordinary beer. If beer-guzzlers only realized what horrible stuff was served out to them in the "Sample-rooms" they would welcome any substitute short of sulphuric acid.

any substitute short of sulphuric acid.

—The population of Trebigne, the principal town of the Herzegovina, is about three thousand, and a wretched sort of life they lead. Their agriculture is of the rudest and laziest kind, and, as there are no good roads in the country, there is no trade; so that whether the Turk suppresses the "revolt," that is now making such a press sensation, or Servia and Herzegovina go in for a war of independence, does not matter to European civilization. A few live Yankees there would make something out of what really is a very beautiful country. very beautiful country.

-Now, young man, listen, while we tell you how to pop the question. Get your June-bug well cornered where no one can overhear you, and poke this conundrum at her: "When will

### Readers and Contributors.

Data analogue, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice reats first apon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "capy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us over ready to give their offerings early attention. tention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all informat in regard to contributions. We can not write latters except in spec

Declined: "Recompense;" "The Two-forked Road;" "The Scott-Uda Ladder Tragedy;" "No!" "The Fatal Adventure;" "The Gipsy's Prophecy;" "The Wronged Heiress" (short story); "Spice;" "Joe Howard's Burglar;" "A Spice of Adventure." Accepted: "The Touch of Hands" (September);
"A New Friend;" "Oalling by Proxy;" "The Specter of the Walk;" "Lucy Little's Letter;" "Big Dan's Victory."

Dan's Victory."

The serials, "Wronged Heiress," "Leonet's Secret," and "The Father's Will," we have written to authors, declining.

Authors who try to crowd the matter proper for two pages upon one page are informed that we lay aside such contributions for the chirography to grow up to a readable standard. MAJOR TRAFT. A good sword will cost you \$20 in a plain scabbard.

MAGGIE E. There are already a perfect surfeit of professional singers. Don't aim at the stage. W. L. C. Your "poem" is decidedly unpoetic. end it to the N. Y. Sun as an item in rhyme. JIM BLUDSOE. "Orange Nell" is not now in print. It was written by Albert W. Aiken.

L. A. B. The author named is not, we believe, writing for the papers. A Boston house publishes

A. H. S. The Bazar you refer to is published in Chicago; Burtin & Co., Editors and Publishers; price, 50 cents per year.

price, 50 cents per year.

B. B. A bad breath almost unfailingly proceeds from decayed or unclean teeth, or from a disordered stomach. Correct the cause and the trouble will pass away.

B. W. R. Oll Coomes is—Oll Coomes. Buffalo Bill is Wm. F. Cody. His "Hon." title was won as member of Nebraska Legislature. The other author named is not now writing, we believe, for any paper. Capt. Mayne Reid is now living in London. EX-CLERK. The reports of A. T. Stewart's mis-usage of his clerks are absurd. He employs only a superior class of men, who command a good price for their services and demand considerate treat-ment. Such men find no fault with the "merchant prince." Your informant was "docked" for some good reason, we dare say.

prince. Your informant was "docked" for some good reason, we dare say.

DIAN, Jr. The U. S. Government has no military school but that at West Point. The several schools announced as "fitting boys for West Point" are not doing so by any authority. Any school "fits boys for West Point" which instructs them in the branches prescribed for admission. No military knowledge whatever is required for admission.

Miss M. A. B. Warts certainly are a blemish to a lady's hand. The ordinary remedy is nitrate of silver (lunar caustic.) A piece prepared in a quill may be obtained at any drug-store. Rub the warts with a corn-file, or scrape the top off with a penkife (not cutting), and touch with the caustic night and morning. The black stain will wear off, and the wart disappear with a few applications. Strong aromatic vinegar, applied the same way, will produce the desired result, without staining the skin, but the effect is not so rapid.

DESK No. 3. The Wall street rule for nine per

DESK No. 3. The Wall street rule for nine per cent. interest is: Multiply whole amount by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by four; for ten per cent., multiply by number of days and divide by thirty-six.

days and divide by thirty-six.

MRS. C. S. D. The diamond brooch presented to Minnie Sherman, by the Khedive of Egypt, contains, it is said, about seven hundred and seventy brilliants of all sizes, from a seven or eightear at stone to some as small as one-twelfth of a carat. The aggregate weight of the diamonds is at least 300 carats; but the quality is what is known as Cape Bywater—a quality of diamonds technically described as being of "off-color," and they are well paid for at \$100 per carat, cost of setting and all included—making its value about thirty thousand dollars—truly a princely "token of admiration."

JOHN B. J. asks: "How can I obtain an introduc-

dollars—truly a princely "token of admiration."

JOHN B. J. asks: "How can I obtain an introduction to a lady, with whose appearance I am very much pleased; and, are soarf neckties still in fashion:" We answer: You should ask a mutu. I friend for the introduction you wish.—Searf neckties are still fashionable, and you may safely wear one when you go to be presented to the lady in question.

OPERATOR, Rochester. We must refer you to the Wall street reports for the information you ask. As to the great "Consolidated Virginia Mine," it is an amazing success—its big bonanza turning out a stream of ore valued at \$200 per hour! The stock is quoted at \$225 per share, and none to be had. We advise you most earnestly to let mining stocks alone. They are the most fatal of all stocks to operate in.

Miss Agnes O. The favorite confure in New York

BAYEN ADMIRER. The article you have read extracts from was published in the last number of Scribner's Monthly. Poe was no more a madman than any other poet. His vagaries were so methodic, indeed, that he was a kind of rhyme constructor. That he was a poet at all, in the best sense of the word, is a wonder. He had a wonderfully keen apprehension of the powers of expression, and therein lies the sole secret of his success. To call him a mad poet is simply absurd. He was "mad" when in liquor, but did not write a line when on his sprees.

sprees.

SAPPHO, Utica. We cannot recommend any cosmetic of the kind you describe. The peculiar complexion which you regret is caused by want of fresh air and exercise, or the excessive use of very rich food. Try a plain diet, and a long daily walk for six months, and we think you will not need or desire any cosmetic. All the preparations in use to clear the complexion are of doubtful value, and quite as apt to injure as to aid. All powders end in making the skin harsh and dry. There are hundreds of washes we can send you if you insist upon trying them, but we recommend none.

Mes C. D. D. Many of the foreign goods you buy

them, but we recommend none.

MRS. C. D. D. Many of the foreign goods you buy for all wool and all silk are mixed with cotton, so eleverly inwoven as to almost dety detection. To cause the cotton to resemble wool, it is scratched and the surface raised by a particular process. If you will draw a thread or two out, and burn them in the flame of a taper, if the material be cotton it will consume to a light, impalpable white ash, cotton being a vegetable fiber; but if, on the contrary, it is wool, and therefore an animal fiber, it will twist and curl in the flame, and show a black ash, accompanied with a smell, which will speak as to its origin.

well cornered where no one can overhear you, and poke this conundrum at her: "When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" Answer—"When you and I are made one." After that its plain sailing, until "pa" has to be consulted and then conundrums won't answer. He'll come right down to hard-pan with amazing cruelty.

—The introduction to general use of elastic glass seems but a question of months—it is an accomplished fact. The process for the preparation of this remarkable substance, still in some measure secret, is said to be very simple, cheap and unattended with danger. All vapore injurious to the health are avoided. The inventor, M. Bastic, estimates that the whole operation can be completed in a few hours, and that the expense will not reach forty to fifty per cent. of the value of ordinary kinds of glass. How the "glass-put-in" man will execrate the memory of M. Bastic! How careful housewiyes will bless him!

—Senor P. C. Armijo, the mutton millionaire of New Mexico, sold over 200,000 pounds of wool last year. With his father and a business partner he owns nearly 2,000,000 head and the other of 15,000, "but," he says, "I hardly missed them." It is in the same region that the children of a household are not counted. A dozen more or less is never noticed."

—The landy tries to econsulted and then conundrums won't and the same region of months—it is an accompliance with the semile some process for the preparation of the keeping of the promise. The lady tries to evade it, and shaw the last minute, declines to keep it. By so doing she wounds and place him, also, in a most embarrassing position. In this complication of matters who is most at fault; what was the honorable and police ourse for the young lady? Ought she to ave kept her promise at all hazards? Had the gentleman any goond reasons why she abould not, or could not, fulfill it, she should have seed as promise and finding good reasons why she should have kept her promise at all hazards? Had the gentleman any goond promise the winter she woun

#### ROSY. BY JOHNNIE DABB.

We sung 'neath the flowers like birds at play—
My fair little Rosy and I;
We wandered together the livelong day,
And cared not how time went by;
Ah, who can tell how I loved her then!
But I never shall see my Rosy again!

We met in the village, of course by chance, Or, perhaps in the quiet grove, Or 'midst the whirl of the country dance When I was her only love: Ah, words cannot tell how I loved her then, But I never shall see my Rosy again!

One sweet June night, by the river side,
I asked her my future to bless,
And how happy I'd be if she were my bride!
And fair Rosy whispered "Yes!"
So I told her how deeply floved her then;
But I never shall see my Rosy again!

For the tempter came, in a fatal hour,
And a story strange did tell;
And he turned her head with a demon's power,
Till poor little Roay fell;
But I love her now as I loved her then,
Though I never shall see my Rosy again!

In the old churchyard, 'neath the maple tree Where we passed such happy hours, Is a little grave, where the summer breeze Plays oft amid the flowers. Poor Rosy lies there, now free from pain, But I never shall see my darling again!

### The Diamond Cross.

BY MARY REED CROWELL,

MISS ANNIE MAXWELL sat very upright in her straight-backed chair, looking very grand and imposing in her stiff black silk dress and elegant gold jewelry-a pompous, aristocratic old lady, who wore her seventy years with a grim pride not altogether ungraceful.

A wealthy, self-important old lady, who had

never married because she did not believe but what it was simply her money the men were after; who lived in grand style, with the same corps of servants for twenty-five years; who had, in a moment of compassionate pity, taken such a violent fancy for Egeria Lane's sweet, sad face, that she had offered her a home in exchange for the girl's delightful companionship and dainty, ladylike services; and who, over and above all things, everything, worshiped and adored her handsome nephew, Leal Bernard, who made periodical visits at Maxwell Place, particularly since Miss Lane had been a member of the household.

He was on one of those visits now; and he and Egeria and Miss Maxwell were all together in the elegant drawing-room, awaiting the butler's summons to dinner; Leal leaning against the delicate Ionic column that supported the lace drapery of one of the bay-windows, looking across the room at Egeria's pretty, drooping head, as the girl toyed with some foamy white zephyr work; looking at the fair, graceful hands, the beautiful goldenly-brown hair, and thinking how dearly he loved her, and wondering what his fate would be, when he put it for Egeria to decide.

Miss Maxwell occupied her usual chair—the straight, tall carved back Gothic, over the darkbronze satin cushion of which her silken skirt spread a gloomy shade. Her face was expressive of irritation and mystery, and as she spoke Leal thought he had seldom heard great-

er fretfulness in her tones. "It's very strange, to say the least of it. You'll admit that, Leal, I suppose, if you do insist upon it that the loss of a ruby ring will

Leal laughed-and you saw how perfectly handsome he was.

"I certainly think the disappearance of your ring hardly sufficient cause to warrant the uneasiness you feel, auntie. As to the mystery—where there are so many serv-The old lady interrupted him with a cry of

"The servants! I'd as soon mistrust you,

Leal Bernard, as one of my faithful, honest Leal smiled, and sauntered over toward

"I suppose my honesty is unimpeachable,

auntie? How about you, Miss Lane?" Egeria raised her face—just such a tenderly-grave, earnest-eyed face as would attract

any one.
"I think Miss Maxwell will find her ring. I am under the impression that it has simply been mislaid."

"Mislaid!" and the old lady mimicked the word contemptuously. "Perhaps you think, Egeria, I am too old and childish to take care of my things? If that is the case, you'd better carry the key of my jewel-casket."

The girl flushed to her very eyes—

lovely blue eyes, that were apt to turn to a liquid black when she was in deep earnest. "Oh, no, you know I did not mean that. Only we are all liable to carelessness.

Except myself," added Miss Maxwell. "But, for the future, to guard against loss, I shall insist upon your seeing me replace my ornaments in their safe, every night. You hear, Egeria?"

Then, the big, liveried butler, in his solemn, confidential way, flung open the door, and announced dinner.

She made a wondrously sweet, restful pic ture, all unconscious of her loveliness, as she sat among the cool white linen drapery of the -wreathed window, with one fair arm supporting her proud, graceful little head, and the other turning the leaves of her freshly-cut

Leal Bernard stood just within the threshold of the room, looking at her; his eyes misty with the one swelling passion at his heart, his very breathing hushed lest he should mar the sacred quiet and beauty of the scene.

Just without, the low, sleepy music that is

abroad in the air of a warm summer afternoon -bees humming, lecusts and insects adding their shrill choruses; crickets chirping and birds rustling in their leafy coverts.

Without, warm wealth of sunshine; within the luxurious wealth of Egeria's sunny hair. Without, blue, fathomless, cloudless skies within, Egeria's eyes that Leal had so often seen hide their opaline clearness in sweet confusion from his ardent glances. Without, all the world, and yet nothing; within, all things, if only Egeria might be his very own.

His sudden, eager steps aroused her instantly; she looked up, half-startled; then, seeing who it was, flushed the sweet tint of an olean-

der bloom, as she laid aside the book. "I have not disturbed you, I hope? I did not know you were here until I saw you; and, really, the house is dull as a tomb.'

He flung himslf on a low divan beside her. "I always enjoy these drowsy, warm afternoons; when Miss Maxwell is asleep I generally read. Have you ever read this?

He glanced at the title, then at her. "Passion-flowers? Yes-what do you think of Illian ?"

keeping his secret very well.

She blushed just a trifle-his eyes were not

duct a little unnatural." Leal raised himself on an elbow-so hand-

ome, so graceful. "I think it was outrageous. No true woman would deny her love to the man who asked it, if she had any love for him-would she?simply because a slanderous tongue stood in the way?"

Egeria laughed as she looked at him "How can I tell, since I was never so cir-

"But you can tell something else, Egeria! you can tell me if you love me! My darling, I love you—oh! so dearly, Egeria! darling!" She had sprung to her feet in amazement. He reached up and took her hand, drawing her down beside him.

"Answer me, sweet. You will promise to be my own-"

A sudden, violent ringing of a bell interposed its fateful voice; and, thankful for a moment's reprieve, Egeria darted away—

blushing, smiling, happy.
"Miss Maxwell never likes to be kept a moment. I'll be back soon—Leal!" She added his name almost under her breath as if to console him for her absence: then hastened up the grand staircase, with heart all

athrob and eyes all alight. "Miss Maxwell—you rung. I thought you

were asleep."

The old lady, with pale cheeks and glistening eyes, pointed her trembling finger to a chair.
"Sit down, Egeria Lane, and answer me one question. Where is my diamond cross?"

Egeria met the cold, scornful eyes that were piercing her own so pitilessly; a swift rush of pallor crossed her face, where only the instant before the rosy lights of new-born love had

gleamed.

"Your diamond cross? You should not ask me, Miss Maxwell. Has it also disappeared?"

"Has it also disappeared? you have the grace to ask me that when you know, as well as I, that it has gone; and better than I, or any one also where it is gone."

any one else, where it is gone."

There was no mistaking the meaning of Miss Maxwell's language; and Egeria rose suddenly from her seat, a low, horrified gasp on her lips, her eyes fairly scintillating with indignation:
"You never mean to insinuate that I have

taken it—that I am a thief?"

Miss Maxwell sneered.
"I never insinuate, You know, and I, that Leal. ny hands removed it from my ribbon last night; that it was placed in the casket; and that no one, besides you and J, has been in that room since. Of course I haven't taken it, -and it is gone—where my ruby ring and my pearl string are, I suppose. You can draw your

Egeria listened like one in some horrid ream, to the cold, sarcastic words—such words, and after those other blessed ones, yet warm in her ears. Then, with the thought of Leal, even more

than herself, a deathly horror came over her.
"Miss Maxwell, unsay those dreadful words You must know I never dreamed of such an awful thing—I a thief! My God! how can you -how dare you insult me so?"

She was raging now in the mad passion of this unjust accusation; but Miss Maxwell never raised a finger to stop the torrent. "Mind you, Egeria Lane, I will forgive you if you will only tell me where to find my jewels. I will send you home, but I will for

Egeria raised her hand majestically. "Don't talk of forgiving me, who never injured you in word, or thought, or deed! don't speak of sending me home, when I would not remain under this roof another hour to save my life,"

She went out of the room with slow, weary steps—she who had almost danced for joy as she entered it; her face fairly drawn with the pain and the shame of that last five minutes. Down into the library, where she had promis-

He sprung up, smiling in his impatience, as

"My little dear- Egeria, for God's sake, what's the matter?" She managed to control her voice sufficiently

You asked me if a true woman would deny her love to the man she had given it to, simply cause a slanderous tongue intervened. I have brought you my answer—she would!

Leal frowned inquiringly upon her. Egeria—this is a mystery I cannot solve,

Miss Maxwell's high, shrill voice screamed spitefully down the staircase. "But I can! Egeria Lane is a thief, and she walks out of my house this hour, or I'll

arrest her for stealing my jewelry!" Leal's face whitened with passi You see," Egeria said, wistfully. "Never mind me, only help her find who really has taken it. I'm going home, Mr. Bernard, where

they'll believe me, at least. No-don't! please He would have caught her in his arms, but her quiet dignity repulsed him. "As you will, to-day, my love. Another

She smiled ever so faintly, and then made preparations for instant departure, with her heart almost broken under the sudden, pitiful

Mr. Bernard looked sternly up from the

portmanteau he was packing, at the sound of the uncertain, quavering voice that called his "If you only would stay until to-morrow.

I declare I'm that nervous since-since —nobody has slept in the little ante-room off mine, that I can't bear to have you go before Leal went on quietly folding a lavender silk

"I am very sorry to inconvenience you aunt Annie, but if you knew what a trial it has been to me to remain so long as I have under the roof from which Egeria has been so of it grew to be a horror unspeakable ruthlessly driven, you would hardly ask me to

"It's only for just one night, Leal. If you only would sleep on the sofa in Egeria's room, next to mine, just to-night. I know some thing will happen; I feel it all over me.' Leal looked up in her anxious, pallid face.

"Very well, to oblige you, to-night only. But I will not be parted from Egeria anothe day for all the money at Maxwell Place.' So, that night saw Leal ensconced on the little blue sofa in Egeria's room, whose countless little knick-nacks made constant reminder of the girl he loved, who had gone forth under

such a heavy shadow. How he loved her-his own, abused darling, who was as pure, as true, as perfect as an angel! and how he almost despised aunt | der feeling in his stony heart centered in her; Annie, of whose regrets he knew nothing.

"Illian? oh, I think she was cruel, know- by the knowledge, felt rather than seen, of a to idolatry; in its infant innocence and beauing her lover loved her so. I think her con- person in his room. He opened his eyes, to ty, it seemed like a protecting angel standing toward him, its right hand closely clasped as with the brightness of unseen wings. if upon some treasure. A moment of surprise—then he recognized Miss Maxwell, sans teeth and wig, and arrayed in her long, white night-dress. Instantly the whole truth flashed over him, like a revelation, and in a transport of satisfaction at this providential opportunity given him of forever clearing Egeria Lane's

Miss Maxwell went straight to the very lounge on which he was lying, and, her wide open, sightless eyes, staring straight ahead, she stooped to her knees, and thrust her hand into what seemed to Leal to be a hole amid the stuffing on the under side.

Then, with her hand still in its hiding-place Leal, springing up, caught her arm, and "Aunt Annie! aunt Annie! wake up-just

see what you are up to!" With a shrill scream of terror she looked rationally at him.

"Merciful Heavens, what is the matter? ing brows, snow-white hair and care-worn look, where in the world am I? Oh, Leal, is it a he stood the very shadow of his former self burglar?"

He could not help laughing at her surprise and alarm.
"Yes, a burglar, auntie; hold your hand still

a minute. Did you know I had a relative who walks in her sleep? Hold on!—there, that'll do. See here! and here! and here!" He drew from the hole among the stuffing

ribbons, lace, money—dozens of little things no one would have missed. Leal laid them one by one on the lounge.

"So you see whether Egeria is the thief or not, aunt Annie. You put them all there yourself, in your sleep, and then—accuse my darling of stealing them! What shall you do His voice was stern, yet it had an undertone

pile on the lounge.

A minute of silence, while pride, shame, re-

"Go to her to-morrow, and tell her I am an old fool, and ask her, if I insist on her marrying you at once, from Maxwell Place, and give her a splendid wedding, and leave every cent I've got in the world to you two, if she'll

forgive me," And, since there was a grand wedding thre months afterward, and since Mr. and Mrs. Bernard call their baby boy Maxwell, it is to be inferred that the little romance of the dia mond cross has been forgotten.

### Erminie:

### THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING. AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XI LITTLE ERMINIE. "Sleep, little baby, sleep,
> Not in thy cradle bed,
> Not on thy mother's breast,
> But with the quiet dead."
> —Mrs. Southey.

Into the great dark gulf of the Past, nearly wo years, like two waves from an ever-flow ing sea, had vanished, freighted with their usual modicum of sorrow, joy, happiness, and

with our tale? First, Mr. O. C. Toosypegs, in whom I hope my fair readers feel an interest, had closed the eyes of his rich uncle, pocketed two thous and pounds, attired himself in the very deep est weeds, and began to turn his thoughts to-ward Dismal Hollow, and all "the real nice people around there.

Miss Clara Jernyngham had obtained the desire of her heart at last, was "Her Grace of B.," and, blazing in "family diamonds was toasted as one of the reigning beautie and belles of the London haut ton. As to that "dear old thing," the duke, the pretty little duchess troubled her head very little about him; and he was left at home, to amuse him self with alternate fits of the palsy and gout and the other diseases old gentlemen are held

Captain George Jernyngham had risen to the rank of colonel, now, having been promoted for his bravery in a certain action; and an old uncle, whom he had hardly heard of before, coming at the same time from the East Indies with an uncountable lot of money and the liver disease, was accommodating enough to die in the nick of time, leaving all his wealth to our gay guardsman. These two strokes of good fortune enabled Master George to offer his hand, with a safe conscience, handsome Lady Kate, which he did, without even hinting at such a thing as a chandler's Lady Kate showed her good taste in on the spot; and two weeks after, the Times,

Of the gipsy Ketura, nothing was known Now and then, at intervals, Earl De Courcy would catch a glimpse of a dark, wild face with streaming hair, and hollow, sunken eyes flitting after him like a haunting shadow from the grave. Wherever he went, night or day that dusky, ominous shadow followed, dogging of it grew to be a horror unspeakable—the vague, mysterious terror of his life. No pre cautions could rid him of it, until it be the very bane of his existence. If he walked looking over his shoulder he would see that tall, spectral figure coming after; if he sat in his carriage, and it chanced to stop for a moment, a white, wild face, with great burning eyes, would gleam in upon him for an instant with deadly hate and menace in every feature, and then vanish like a face from the dead Neither night nor day was he safe from his terrible pursuer, until the dread of this ghostly ghoul wore the very flesh off his bones, re duced him to a mere living skeleton, poisoned every joy of his existence, made death and life a blank and a horror, until the birth of his little granddaughter. And the only tenfor anything. There! I knew I would shock you again. How saintly you have grown of she became the only thing that rendered life His strangely confused dreams were broken desirable. His love for the child amounted

ee a tall, ghostly figure, with meaningless between him and his terrible pursuer, lighting stare, and slow, deliberate tread, advancing the gloom of that awful haunting shadow

The last cold gleam of yellow sunshine faded from the dull March sky. Night, with black, starless, moonless face, with cold, piercing wind and sleet, was falling over London.

The gorgeous rooms, the glittering salons,

the spacious halls of the De Courcy mansion were one blaze of light and magnificence, just character, Leal watched and waited for his as they were that very night two years before—that awful night of darkest doom. By all but one that night was forgotten now; for a gay family-party were to meet to celebrate the first birthnight of Lord De Courcy's grand-child. Strange, that on the very anniversary of that dreadful night, another scion should be born to the house of De Courcy.

The guests had not yet begun to assemble; and standing by himself, wrapt in gloomy thought, the earl gazed darkly out into the deepening night. You would scarcely have known him, so changed had he grown by the blighting influence of that horrible incubus. Thin and haggard, with sunken eyes, projectstricken, bowed, gloomy old man.

Through the inky darkness the rays from the street-lamp sent long lines of light and shade across the pavement. That very night, two years before, a face, white with woman's utmost woe, had gleamed upon him in that very light, as he stood in that self-same spot. He thought of it now with a convulsive shudof the lounge a handful of articles, among which sparkled the diamond cross, the magnificent ring of big, glaring rubies. There were and invoking its wrath upon him. With an inward presentiment he looked through the darkness as if expecting that same dark, unearthly face to appear; and, lo! while he gazed, as if she had sprung up through the earth, a tall, shadowy figure emerged from the darkness, and that awful spectral face, he dreaded more than that of the arch flend himself, gleamed white and awful through the gloom. She beheld him there in the light, of complete content; and he smiled as aunt and again that long, bony arm was raised. Annie looked, bewildered, at the promiscuous and that flickering finger pointed up to the and that flickering finger pointed up to the lowering sky above, in darkest, voiceless menace. Then, flitting away in the darkness, to which she seemed to belong, the ghastly vision was gone, and Earl De Courcy stood gret and honor battled. Then, with actual tears in her faded eyes, and her withered lips all a-tremble, she reached out her hands to

At that same hour, a far pleasanter scene

was going on in one of the rooms above.

It was the dressing-room of Lady Maude, into which we once before introduced the reader. Once again she stood before the mirror while her maid assisted at her toilet, and chatted with the little Duchess of B., who magnificent in white velvet and emeralds, sat or rather lay) half-buried in the downy depths of a lounge—having taken advantage of her girlhood's intimacy with Lady Maude to come early, and indulge in what she phrased the "sweetest of talks," before she should descend to the drawing-room, and begin her nightly occupation of breaking masculin

Very fair, very sweet, very lovely looked Lady Maude, as she stood there with a soft smile on her gentle lips, and a calm, deep joy welling from the brooding depths of her soft dark eyes.

Her dress was white, even as it had been that night—white blonde over white satin—with her favorite jewels (pale oriental pearls) vreathing her shining ringlets of jet, and fluttering and shimmering in sparks of sub-dued fire on her white arms and bosom. The lovely young face looking out from those silky curls was sweeter and fairer now in her gen le maturity than it had ever been in the brilliant beauty of her girlhood. Scarcely twenty, her form had not attained the roundness of perfect womanhood, but was slight and slender as a girl of fourteen, yet perfect in its ele-

gant contour. "And the baby is well?" the duchess was

"Quite well, thank you," replied the low, sweet voice of Lady Maude, with her soft. mu-"I need not ask for his lordship, for I saw him last night at the bal masque of Madame la Comtesse De St. Rimy!" said the duchess, with some animation. "He was looking

with some animation. "He was looking quite kingly as 'Leicester.' By the way, Lady Maude, why were you not there?"
"Erminie seemed slightly indisposed, I fancied, and I would not leave her," answered the

oung mother.
"Is it possible? Well, I am very fond of children; but I do not think I could give up so brilliant an affair as last night's masque rade even for such a sweet little angel as Erminie. What do you think, I made a com-plete conquest of that handsome melancholy Turkish embassador, who is all the rage now I had him all to myself the whole evening!" "Was his grace present?" said Lady Maude,

little gravely The question took the little duchess so much by surprise, that she raised herself on her elw, opened her blue eyes to their widest ex tent, and stared in silence at her questioner Then, seeing Lady Maude was quite serious she lay back among the velvet pillows, and

burst into a silvery peal of laughter. "His grace! Oh, that is too good! Why. Lady Maude, the last time I saw the poor dear, old man, which is a week or two ago, he could not stir either hand or foot, and had to the selection of a husband, by accepting him be carried about by that odious Italian valet of his, in a chair, whenever he wanted to under the heading of "Marriage in High Life," announced the melancholy fact that Colonel Jernyngham was a bachelor no long- with that disagreeable palsy of his, that I The dear, helpless old thing! he did could not bear to go into his room since. My maid, Fanchette, always finds out how he is, and tells me. But the idea of his going to the

nasquerade! Oh. dear me!" And the affectionate wife went off into an ther low, musical peal, that made the pretty soft-eved water-spaniel shake his necklace of tiny silver bells from sympathy, till they tin-

Lady Maude looked as she felt-a little shocked—at this heartless levity; and madame la duchesse perceiving it, began Now. Maude, there is no use in your look

ing so profoundly scandalized about it, be cause I have done nothing so very naughty You don't expect me to go and shut myself up, and nurse him—do you? Though I dare say you, having the elements of a martyr in you, would do it just as soon as not!

"I would not flirt with that Turkish embassador, at all events!" said Lady Maude, in a tone of slight rebuke. heard he has four wives already?" Perhaps he thinks I'll make a fifth some said the duchess, laughing. "Well, I

late, Maude!" "Oh, Clara!—Clara! what a mad little flirt

you are!" said Lady Maude, half-smilinghalf-sorrowful.

"Well, you see it's my nature. What a love of a little dog this is! I made a mariage de convenience; and what other result could you anticipate? I married the Duke of B. for his coronet; he married me because he wanted some one to nurse him, and poultice up his constitution, and sit at the head of his table, and make herself generally useful. I got what I aimed at; and if he has not, it shows I am the better politician of the two. Stand upon your hind-legs, Prince! And, therefore, oh, wise and discreet Lady Villiers! model wife and happy mother, you must not expect one who is neither to do otherwise than as she does. If my sole earthly happiness consists in a 'coach-and-four,' superb diamonds, an unlimited number of lovers, and a box at the opera, why, I rather think I should be permitted to enjoy them, since I am really not a bad girl after all, and never mean to be. And now, as your toilet is completed, and I have made quite a long speech, will your ladyship be good enough to lead the way to the nursery? I want to see this little stray angel of yours

before I descend among the sinners below Smiling, and passing her arm around the slender waist of the thoughtless little duchess, Lady Maude passed with her from the room, and the two young girls entered the nursery,

It was a beautiful room, all draped in white and pale-green, pure and peaceful as a glimpse of heaven. And in the center of the room stood a little rosewood crib, with snowy hangings, wherein lay a young infant, so surpassingly lovely that the duchess might well call

it a "stray angel."
Little Erminie—sweet Erminie—the child of noble, princely Lord Villiers and beautiful Maude Percy—how shall I describe her? It is not often young babies are really prettydoting grandmammas and aunties to the contrary notwithstanding; but this one really was. A snow-white complexion, with the softest pink tinge on the rounded cheeks and lips, as faint and delicate as the heart of a sea-shell; a profusion of palest golden hair falling in slight, rippling waves, like raveled silk, on the white, rounded forehead. Two tiny blue-veined hands grasped, even in sleep, a pretty French doll, holding it close to the soft, white bosom, and the long, golden lashes lay brightly on the rosy, sleep-flushed

The lovely face of Lady Maude flushed with pride, love and happiness; and bending down, softly as the west wind kisses the sleeping

flowers, her lips touched the babe's.

Light as the caress was, it awoke little Erminie. The golden lashes slowly lifted, and a

pair of sweet blue eyes looked fearlessly up.
"Mamma," she cried, joyfully, holding up.
her rosy little arms, "mamma, tate Minnie."
"Oh, the little darling!" exclaimed the luchess, catching her impulsively up, and half-smothering her with kisses. "Oh, did you ever see such a sweet little cheruh? Oh, there never was such a lovely little angel! It's just the sweetest, dearest, b'essed, tidsy ickle sing that ever was, so it is!"

Baby, who evidently was an adept in broken English, and fully understood that profound-ly-mysterious language known as "baby-talk," mmediately, as if in reward for these exclamatory sentences, emphasized by the strongest italics, held up her rosy little mouth to be kissed again, being evidently (like all of her

sex) fond of that operation. "Oh, I never, never saw such a perfectly lovely little duck!" exclaimed the Duchess Clara, in a second burst of enthusiasm. "Such sweet hair, and such splendid eyes! Who does she look like, Maude? Not like you, I'm

"She has her father's blue eyes and fair hair," said the happy young mother, smiling at Clara's emphasis, which rendered every other word not only into italics, but, in some cases, even into capitals.

"Oh, she is the most charming little ducks o' diamonds I ever beheld in my life! Such a beautiful skin, just like white satin!" reiter-And what changes had those two years languidly saying, as she played with a beauti-rought to the various personages connected ful little water-spaniel. sweet Erminie open her large blue eyes in subdued wonder. "Oh, Maude! I don't wonder you are so saintly, with this little beautiful seraph ever with you! Sweet little angel Erminie! thou almost persuadest me to be a

There was a soft tap at the door, and the nurse, who had hitherto remained in the background, and listened with professional stoicis to these raptures, went and opened it; and

Lord Villiers entered. He started in some surprise, as he beheld how the room was tenanted, and then advanced with a smile. Lady Maude, with more than the adoring love of two years before, went over, and, laying her hand on his shoulder,

"Clara wanted to see Erminie before we decended to the drawing-room, dearest Ernest, and has fallen even more deeply in love with her than she has with the Turkish embassador, the fortunate possessor of the interestingly melancholy dark eyes." Lord Villiers smiled, and looked, with eyes

full of love, on sweet Erminie, who sprung up, crowing gleefully, and crying, "Papa!" "Wait one moment, till I see, Why, she's the very picture of your lord-hip! Keep still, little girl, till I compare you with your papa. There's the same large, blue, Saxon eyes; the same fair, curling hair; the same high, princely forehead; the same handsome mouth (no harm to compliment a married man-eh, Maude?);

the same long, aristocratic, white fingersyour very image, my lord!" "I had rather she looked like Maude," said the young husband, encircling his wife's small waist fondly with his arm.

"Well, so she does when she smiles. Don't you perceive the resemblance now? Miss Erminie, will you be still? What a restless little creature It is."

"Papa, papa, tate Minnie," crowed that small individual, holding out her little arms, and looking pathetic and imploring. "Here, papa, take the young lady," said the duchess, depositing her in the young man's arms, and shaking out her glittering plumage, duchess, slightly discomposed by the frantic exertions of the "young lady" in question. "She is fonder of gentlemen than ladies, I perceive.

She wouldn't be a true female, though, if she

Miss Erminie, in a paroxysm of delight, immediately buried her "long, aristocratic, white fingers" in papa's thick, burnished locks, with variations of pulling his whiskers and mustache and then tenderly kissing the above hirsute appendages to make them well again. And papa, like all other young papas, looked as if he thought her the most wonderful baby that ever lived, and danced her up and down until she forgot all sense of edquette and propriety, and fairly screamed with delight.

"Now, nurse, take Miss Minnie," he said, rising at last, and laughingly shaking back his thick, fair hair. "Come, Minnie, be good now; papa must go."

taken by the nurse, and saw papa and mamma, and the little lady in velvet and diamonds, smile a good-by, and turn to leave the room.

"Foolish little wife," said Lord Villiers, laughing, as he saw Lady Maude cast a "longing, lingering look behind" at her heart's "can you not even tear yourself away from your darling for a few hours, without straining your eyes to catch a last

"I know it is foolish." said Lady Maude, half apolegetically, yet still keeping her yearning eyes fixed on little Erminie; "but I feel so strangely about leaving her to-night. You will be sure to take good care of her, Martha?"
"Sartin, my lady," responded Martha,
rather offended at their want of trust in her

"Now, Maude," said Lord Villiers, amused

at her still-apparent anxiety. Half-laughing, half-refuctant, she allowed

herself to be drawn from the room, and saw the door close between her and her child. Down in the spacious drawing-room, Lady Maude soon found herself fully occupied in re-

ceiving the guests, who began to arrive thick and fast. But this did not remove her strange anxiety concerning Erminie; and about an hour after, she stole away for a moment to pay a hurried visit to the nursery. All was calm and peaceful there. Little

Erminie lay asleep once more in her crib, and Martha sat dozing in her rocking-chair. Half ashamed of her groundless fears, Lady Maude lightly kissed her sleeping infant and hurried Little did she dream how many suns would rise and set—how many years would come and go—before they two should meet

on, and the hour of midnight approached. The Duchess of B., Earl De Courcy, and Lady Mande were standing conversing together, when, as if struck by a sudden thought, the duchess exclaimed:

"Oh! by the way, Lady Maude, do you recollect the strange voice that interrupted the ceremony the night you were married? Have you ever discovered who that was?"

Both Lady Maude and the earl grew pale. Never! The whole affair has been wrapped in mystery ever since," said Lady Maude, with a slight shudder.

Dear me, how frightened I was that night!" said the duchess, arranging her brace-lets. "It was quite dreadful; the most mysterious thing-just like a ghost, or something

The duchess broke off suddenly and listened. as the great hall-clock tolled the hour of twelve. And just as the last stroke died away, that same terrific voice they had heard years before pealed through the spacious room like the deep tolling of a death-bell.

Two years ago this night a legal murder was committed, and now the hour of retribu-tion is at hand. The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, and the children's children, even to the third and fourth generations. Woe to all of the house of De Courcy.

As if the angel of death had suddenly de scended in their midst, every face blanched, and every heart stood still with nameless horror. For one moment the silence of the grave reigned, then a wild, piercing shriek was heard through the house, and the nurse Martha, with terror, blanched face, and uplifted arms, rushed into the midst of the assembled guests,

"Oh. Miss Minnie! Miss Minnie! Miss Minnie!

"Oh, God! my child!" came from the white lips of Lady Maude, in a voice that those who heard never forgot, as she fled from the room, up the long staircase, and into the nursery.

But the crib was empty; the babe was GONE. The wild, wild shriek of a mother's woe sounded through the house, and Lady Maude fell in a deadly swoon on the floor.

And when Lord Villiers-his own noble face white and set with unutt into the room, he found her lying cold and lifeless on the floor.

Meantime, some of the most self-poof the guests had assembled round Martha, in order to extract from her, if possible, what had happened.

But half insane with terror already, the continuous screaming of the frightened ladies completely drove every remaining gleam of sense out of her head, and her words were so wild and incoherent, that but little could be made out of them. It appeared from what in her chair, with her little charge wholly asleep in the cradle beside her, when suddenly a tall, dark shadow seemed to obscure the light in the room; and looking up with a start of terror, she beheld the most awful monster whether man, or woman, or demon, she could not tell-in the act of snatching little Erminie from the cradle, and flying from the room Frozen with horror she had remained in her seat unable to move, until at last, fully conscious of what had taken place, she had fled screaming down stairs. And that was all she could tell. In vain they questioned and cross-questioned; they could obtain nothing further from the terrified Martha, and o seded in driving the few remaking walk

she had out of her head; Lord Villiers, leaving his still-sens less wife in the care of her maid, with a face that seemed turned to marble, gave orders to have the house, the grounds, the whole of London. if necessary, ransacked in search of the abduc-

But there was one who sat bowed, collapsed, shuddering in his seat, who recognized that voice, and knew what those awful words meant; and that one was Earl De Courcy.

"She has murdered her! she has murdered was the cry that seemed rending his very heart with horror and despair.

CHAPTER XII.

WOMAN'S HATE

"Oh! woman wronged can cherish hate, More deep and dark than manhood may; And when the mockery of fate.

Hath left revenge her chosen way, Then all the wrongs which time hath nursed. Upon her spoiler's lead shall burst,

MADDENED, despairing, blaspheming, cursing earth and heaven, God and man, hating life, and sunshine, and the world, the wretched gipsy queen had fled from those who gathered

around her on that morning full of wee, and fled far away, she neither knew nor cared whither. She sped along through lanes, streets, and ed thoroughfares, seeing nothing, hear eyes. ing nothing, conscious of nothing but her own maddening wrongs, glaring before her like a

Still crowing as if she considered she had bolt from a bow, until the city seemed to fade father's handkerchief; and I thought maybe was no time to lose, fled away in the direction of fact, and never showed himself since he done something rather extraordinary than away, and she saw green fields, and pretty it might have been that." otherwise, Miss Minnie allowed herself to be cottages, and waving trees, and knew that she "Very good. Will had left London behind her.

Night came on before she thought of stop oing for a single instant to rest. She had valked far that day; her feet were bleeding and blistered; for nearly three days she had ouched nothing but cold water, yet her iron frame was unsubdued-she felt no weariness. no faintness, no hunger. The indomitable spirit within, sustained her. She thought of othing, cared for nothing, but revenge; and or that her very soul was crying out with a onging—a hunger that nothing could appease. She dared not stop for one moment to think; she felt she would go mad if she did; so she hurried on and on, as if driven on by some flerce, inward power, against which it was

How the night passed, how the morning came, how she found herself in the peaceful depths of the forest, she never could tell. How, ere that sun set, she found herself with her tribe, lying prostrate on the cold ground, con cious, like one in the most frightful night mare, of what was passing around her, yet unable to comprehend what it meant—all was vague and unreal still. Past, and present, and future, all were mingled together in one dark, dreadful chaos, of which nothing was real but the dull, muffled pain at her heart, and the word REVENGE, that kept ever dancing in letters of blood-red flame before her hot, scorching eyes.

She was conscious, in a lost, dreamy so way, that suns rose and set, and the insufferable light departed, and the dark, cool night came again and again; of seeing anxious eye bent on her, and hearing hushed voices and subdued footfalls, and dusky, troubled faces stooping over her; but, like all the rest, it was The night in mirth and music was passing a mocking unreality. The first shock of the low had crushed and stunned her, numbing the sense of pain, and leaving nothing but the heavy throbbing aching at her strong, flerce The woman of mighty frame, and fierce, stormy passions, lay there, motionless—stricken to the dust.

And then this departed, and another mood

One by one the broken links of memory returned, and then all other feelings were sub-merged and lost in a strong, deadly, burning desire of revenge a revenge as fierce and un dying as that of a tigress robbed of her cubs -a revenge as strong and unconquerable as the heart that bore it. With it came the recollection of his child; and drawing from her posom the packet he had given her, she read (for gipsy as she was she could read) the woman's address. There were two motives to preserve life; and, like a lioness rousing herself from a lethargy, the gipsy queen arose, and resolutely set her face to the task. One determination she made, never to lose sight of him whom she hated, until her revenge was For she could wait-there be no sudden stabbing or killing; she did not elieve in such vengeance as that-vengeance that tortures its victim but for a m Revenge might be slow, but it would be sure she would hunt him, pursue him, torture him, until life was worse than death, until he would look upon death as a mercy; then he would have felt a tithe of the misery he had made her endure.

Another determination was, to leave her son's child with the tribe until such time as she should again claim it. She knew it would be well cared for with them, for they all loved their queen. And taking with her a lad whom she could trust, she left them one morning, and started for the child.

Leaving the gipsy youth some miles from the place, she approached the cottage, which was opened by the widow herself, who looked onsiderably startled by her dark, stern visi-In the briefest possible terms, Ketura made known her errand, and imperiously de-

The woman, a mild, gentle-looking person. seemed grieved and troubled, and began some-thing about her affection for the little one, and her hope that it would not be taken

away. want the child!-bring it here!" broke in the gipsy, with a fiercely-impatient ges-

The woman, terrified into silence by her dark, imperious visitor, went to the door and

"Here, Susan," answered a spirited young oice; and, with a gleeful laugh, a bright little fellow of three years bounded into the room, dragging after him, by the collar, a huge, savage-looking bulldog, who snapped fiercely at his captor.

The woman Susan uttered a scream, and fled from the dog to the other side of the

I caught him, Susan, and pulled him in! He can't bite me!" said the little fellow, tri-umphantly, his black eyes flashing with the ess of victory. Then, catching sight of the stranger, he stopped, and stared at her 'He does beat all I ever seen-he bean't

afeerd o' nothin'," said the woman, half-apolo getically. "It be no fault o' mine, mistress; he will have his own way, spite o' all I can

The gip y fixed her piercing ... es keenly upon him, and started to behol the living counterpars of her own son when the same age. There was the same clear clive complexion, with a warm, healthy flush on the eyes, fringed by long silken lashes; the same high, noble brow; the same daring; undaunted, fearless spirit, flashing already in his young eyes. Her hard face softened for an instant out when she saw the thick, curling black hair clustering round his head; noted small, aristocratically-fastidious mouth, the long, delicate hand, she knew he must have inherited them from his mother—and she grew dark and stern again. His smile, too. dazzling splendor, was not his father's; but still he was sufficiently like him to bring a last ray of human feeling back to her iron

"Little boy, come here," she said, holding

out her hand.

Any other child would have been frightened y her odd dress, her harsh voice, and darkly eaming face; but he was not. It might b that, child as he was, he had an inherent likng for strength and power; or it might have been his kindred blood that drew him to her for he fearlessly went over, put his hand in

hers, and looked up in her face.
"What is your name?" she said, in a softer pice, as she parted his thick, silky curls, and looked down into the dark splendor of his

Raymond Germaine," was his answer.

The gipsy looked at Susan.
"His father's name was Germaine," the maniac, and dashing fiercely to the ground with her clenched fist all those who, moved by pity, would have stopped her. On, like a "His father's name was Germaine," the March storm beating in her face, little Ermine began to cry. Wrapping it once more in her thick mantle, the gipsy, knowing there saved his life, and he has taken it as a matter the margin of the woods; but when she saw

Raymond?

The woman, though looking deeply grieved and sorry, did not hesitate to obey, for there she dressed little Raymond in silence, made im, and said good-by amid many tears and sobs, and saw him depart with Ketura.

her strong arms. 'I don't want to be carried. I'll walk. said Master Ray, kicking manfully.

The gipsy smiled a hard, grim smile. "His father's spirit," she muttered. like it. We'll see how long he will hold out." For nearly an hour the little hero trudged sturdily along, but at the end of that time his steps began to grow slow and weary.

Ain't we most there?" he said, looking ruefully down the long, muddy road. 'No; we're a long way off. You had bet-

ter let me carry you With a somewhat sleepy look of mortification, Master Ray permitted his grandmother to lift him up; and scarcely had she taken him in her arms, before his curly head drop ped heavily on her shoulder, and he was fast

With the approach of night, feeling som what fatigued and footsore herself, she overook our friend Mr. Harkins, who, as he related to Mr. Toosypegs, "took 'er hin," and brought her to his own house, where "Missis Arkins" regaled young Mr. Germaine with a supper of bread and milk, to which that small youth did ample justice.

Another hour brought her to the place where the gipsy-boy was waiting, and to his care she consigned her still-sleeping grandson, with many injunctions that he was to be taken the best care of. These commands were. however, unnecessary; for, looking upon the sleeping child as the future king of his tribe, the lad bore him along as reverentially as

though he were a prince of the blood-royal. Then the gipsy queen, Ketura, giving up all other thoughts but that of vengeance, turned her steps in the direction of London, where, by fortune-telling, and the other arts of her people, she could live and never lose sight of

her deadly foe Everything concerning the De Courcys she earned. She heard of the marriage of Lord Villiers to Lady Maude Percy; and on the night of the wedding she had entered, anobserved by all, in the bustle, and, screened from view behind a side-door, she had uttered the words that had thrown the whole assembly into such dismay. Then, knowing what must be the consequence, she had fled instantly, and was far from danger ere the terrified guests had recovered sufficient presence of mind to begin the search.

How after that she haunted, harrassed, and followed the earl, is well-known to the reader and the success of this course was sufficient even to satisfy her, implacable as she was She saw that life was beginning to be slow torture to him—that his dread of her was amounting to a monomania with him: and still she pursued him, like same awful night mare, wherever he went, keeping him still in

With the birth of little Erminie, she saw still more exquisite torture in store for him Her very soul bounded with the thought o the life-long misery she might heap upon him through the means of this child, whom she nad heard he idolized. From the first moment she had heard of its birth, her determination was to steal it-to make 'way with it-murder something to make him feel what she had felt first heard of her son's death; but that grief lasted but for a short time; and then she re joiced—yes, actually rejoiced—that he was dead and free from all future earthly misery Death would have been to her a relief, had she not been determined to live for revenge. She had lost a child-so should they; and then, perhaps, they would be able to compre-

hend the wrong they had made her suffer.

But in spite of all her attempts, a year pass ed and she had found no means of carrying this threat into execution. The baby was so seldom taken out, and then always in a carriage with its mother and the nurse, that it was impossible to think of obtaining it. enter the house, except on the occasion of a ball, or party, when servants and all would be busily occupied, was not to be thought of, either. But on the night of the abduction, hearing of the party to be given at the man sion, and remembering that it was the anniversary of her son's death, she had been wrought up to a perfect frenzy of madness, and resolved to obtain the child, even at the

cost of her life. Toward midnight, she had cautiously enered, thinking all were most likely to be in the drawing-rooms at that hour, and having previously heard from the servants, by appaently careless questions, where the nursery was situated, bent her steps in that direction Pausing at the door, which was ajar, she had anced through, and beheld child and nurse

both asleep. To steal cautiously in, snatch up the child muffle it so tightly in her cloak that if it cried it could not be heard, and fly down the staircase, was but the work of an instant. Pausfor an instant, before the door of grand saloon, in her fleet descent, she had with the speed of the wind, had flown through the long hall, out of the door, and away through the wind and sleet, as if pursued by the arch-demon himself.

When she paused, at last, from exhaustion, she was on London Bridge. Darkly came back the memory of the night, just two years before, when, with deadly despair in her neart, she had stood in that selfsame spot, on the point of committing self-murder. the half-smothered infant high above her head, o dash it into the dark waters below. For one oment she held it poised in the air, and then she drew it back.

No," she said, with a flendish smile: "it will be a greater revenge to let it live-to let it grow up a tainted, corrupted, miserable out cast; and then, when spurned alike by God and man, present it to them as their child. hal hal that will be revenge indeed! Live, pretty one—live! You are far too precious to

Awakened from her sound sleep by the unsual and unpleasant sensation of the bitter

might have been that."

was no time to lose, ned away in the direction of a low house in St. Giles, where, with others of a low house in St. Giles, where, with others of her tribe, she had often been, and the proprietor of which was a gipsy himself, and a member of her own tribe. Here, safe from member of her own tribe. Here, safe from transport of yours is a decided originality, and ing at his foster-mother.

"She will let you," said the gipsy, calmly.

"Get him ready instantly. I have no time to the search was past, and then—then to begin her tortures once more.

Little Erminie grieved without ceasing for know the difference between the miserable was something in the eye of Ketura that den wherein she was now located and the might have made a bolder woman yield. So princely home she had left. It was not in any heart, however hard, to dislike the lovely up the rest of his clothing in a bundle, kissed infant; and much as Ketura hated the race from which she sprung, she really pitied the little, gentle, helpless babe. So, from two "Let me carry you—we have a long way motives—one a feeling of commiseration for ter. to go," said the gipsy, stooping to lift him in the child, and the other a flerce, demoniacal desire that she should live to be the instrument of her vengeance—she procured a nurse for little Erminie, a woman a shade better than the rest of her class, who had lately lost a child of her own; and owing to her care, little Erminie lived. Lived-but for what fate! (To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

### Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND!

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IDAHO TOM VISITS THE ISLAND. Two days of anxiety and uneasiness passed to both those upon the land and those upon the bay. None of the latter save Zoe, however, were seen upon the island in all this time; and Frank Caselton, who, with his friends, still lingered around Tahoe, was satisfied that Hubert Leland and his men were at their mysterious work, whatever that might be

Frank would have been tempted to visit the island had he possessed a canoe. It seemed like an age since he had seen Zoe, or more like a vague dream in which he had known her, than in reality.

He had not seen Idaho Tom since the morn ing he had saved his life—the morning of the compact. The hills were swarming with foes, and so they were compelled to keep under cover most of the time. Whenever they did venture forth, it was with extreme caution. Meanwhile, Idaho Tom had not lost sight of the bay, nor the object of his affection; and while he labored under the same disadvantage as his rival, in the want of a canoe to visit the island, he had recourse to the same means used a few days previous in communicating with

Having procured a broad-brimmed panama hat at the cabin of the Mad Trapper, he proceeded to convert it into a little transport fo the conveyance of messages to the island Around and over the crown he entwined green parasites and leaves until the whole top of the hat was concealed from view. To this he attached a little sail—the same that Zoe had sent attached to his love-barge a few days

Carrying his delicate craft to a point on the ay where the wind would carry it straight oward the island, he placed it upon the water, eighted with a message of love, and turned loose at the mercy of the waves.
Gayly the little transport sped away upon its

mission, while with a joyous heart, Tom hast-ened around the bay to the leeward of the sland, there to await a reply from the

Under the green-draped boughs of a low, scrubby pine he sat down to wait and watch. He waited for long hours. Under any other circumstance his patience would have been exhausted; but if the looked-for, longed-for message only came at all, he would feel amply repaid for all time spent in waiting.

To his joy he finally saw the little sail scud

out from the island, and bear gayly down toward him. With eager eyes he watched its approach — with burning inpatience he waited its arrival.

At length it touched upon the beach at his feet. In among its green drapery he saw that some bright flowers had been entwined by a hasty hand. This alone would have been strong evidence to Tom, of Zoe's love; but it was not all. He found a little slip of paper nestled in among the flowers. He took it and with wildly throbbing heart, read these

Accept my thanks for your kind regards. I shall never cease to pray for you and your friend, My Caselton.

"Remembered friend," mused the love-sick vouth: "I wonder if she remembers me with no other thoughts than those of mere friendship? She surely does, but then the promptness of her reply, the presence of those flow ers both are significant of something that gives me encouragement."

He placed the note carfully away in an inner ocket of his shirt: then he lifted his novel little transport from the water and concealed it, never dreaming that a pair of restless eyes were watching him-noting every movement he made.

With a joyous heart he turned and moved back around the bay, and would have continued on up the valley toward the cabin of the Mad Trapper, had his keen eye not caught sight of a cance beached on the northern shore. The temptation that this held out to him was too strong to be overcome, and he resolved to visit the island at once. So, launching the craft, he sprung into it, seated himself, and taking up the paddle pushed out into the bay and approached the island slowly and carefully With a light of joy beaming upon her lovely

face, Zoe met him at the edge of the isle. 'I beg you will pardon my intrusion, Zoe. found this canoe upon the beach and without

noment's hesitation or a second thought as started for this island.' "You are very welcome, Mr. Taylor," the

will be disappointed if the cance is not there when he returns to where he left it. But. Zo I could not reaist the temptation to visit this

aland when the means were afforded." "I am sure I know of nothing here so very attractive," responded Zoe, half defining the youth's most treasured thoughts, "unless it is the secret with which this island must seem endowed to strangers. But, Tom, is Mr. Caselton in the vicinity yet?"

lake, though I have not seen him since the morning we left here together."

I am sure he is not as appreciative of

oh! it is such a relief from the monotonous vigils of the long days, to see it come sailing across the water. Father knows nothing of our correspondence yet, and whether he would mamma," at first, and seemed almost to disapprove of it as being improper, I am sure I cannot say. I would do nothing against my father's will, and if at any time I fail to answer, you will know that his objections are the cause. He certainly knows, however, that boys and girls couldn't live without play, and the smile that had been hovering upon her lips, broke into a soft ripple of musical laugh

> "Then you regard the exchange of those notes as child's play, do you, Zoe?" Tom asked, his young heart trembling in suspense.

'It's a decided novelty," replied the artless maiden, whose pure, womanly instinct shrank maiden, whose pure, womanly instinct shrank from the thought of offending the youth by word or deed. "I enjoy it very much, call it what you may; and I do hope that I may continue to hear from you. I feel much safer and happier, when I know there are those around us who are not our natural enemies; as I con-

sider the Indians and outlaws."
"Zoe," said Tom, with a tremor in his voice,
"I could be content to watch you and your friends from danger forever, just if I could only be assured of one thing."

"That must be very precious," she replied, gazing away across the water as though she uspected not the object of the youth's avowed self-devotion.

'It is precious, Zoe," he replied, in a tone soft and low as the summer wind; "it would be worth more to me than all the gold on the Pacific shores. And that prize is your love." The maiden could not conceal her embarrass-

ment. Her face flushed crimson, and her eyes sought the ground. She could not receive this confession of love with indifference, for all she knew what was coming.

Tom noticed her confusion, and accepted it as favorable to him. His heart took courage, but, while waiting for an asswer, his eyes fall ipon her little brown hands that were toying confusedly with a cluster of leaves, and he started as though an adder had stung him.

Upon one of her fingers flashed a diamond ring which he recognized at a glance. It was he same ring that he had lost at poker in the 'Ophir Exchange,' at Virginia City—the same ring that had been won by the two strangers that he afterward saw dead in the cabin of the Mad Trapper.
The young outlaw grew almost sick at heart,

for it seemed as though Zoe held the jewel so it would flash the terrible truth into his mind the truth of his being a gambler, a vagabond and outlaw, in the western acceptation of these

The silence that followed both his and Zoe's silent confusion was broken by the latter. "Tom," she said, "I hope you will not incur father's displeasure by causing him to remain in waiting for his cance upon the shore. I would be pleased to see you again, for I cannot answer you now regarding the matter of which you speak. Moreover, I want you to have more time to think over what you have confessed, and perhaps you will then think al-together different. Rest assured that my feelngs toward you are all they could possibly be,

and I dare say will remain the same. She spoke with the calm thoughtfulness of a woman of mature age. At the same time it seemed to Tom that she was keeping that telltale ring glaring into his eyes to remind him of

"I shall live in hopes until I have a direct answer from you," he replied. "So, good-

He stepped into the cance, and seating himself, pulled rapidly for the shore. A few vig-orous strokes of the paddle brought him to the beach. Leaving the cance where he had found it, he turned away into the woods with both pleasant and bitter thoughts surging through

"One's sins are always visited upon his

head," he mused, "no difference whether he has reformed and is doing better or not. Now. that confounded ring is the very same one that l lost-lost at poker that night at the Ophir; and the men that won it gave it to her. They were doubtless intimate friends of hers, and Jack Hill said they were detectives. But, after all, I believe the little fairy loves me. have only to live right hereafter-show that I can be something else than a vagabond-in order to gain her confidence. But I'd like to know why she's so confounded particular when her father and friends are are well. won't say what. At any rate, I'll be a man hereafter, whether I win or lose. I know I've got the start on Frank, for he hasn't been over wasn't inclined to fret about it too: but then reckon she don't care anything for him par ticularly. Twe got the start of him, and just so long as I can keep it honorably, I'll do so. And I will never do another mean thing. From this day on dates my reform, for all I haven't been so awful mean. If Frank wins, as I told him, my best wishes will go with him and her. This, I know, is not natural, but one might as well make the best of a defeat. I could easily slip around and shoot Frank, and then if Zoe wouldn't consent to be my wife, I could bring friends enough to carry her away and force her to terms; but the Lord forbid such a mean, villainous act. But, bah! she was right, after She spoke about our child's play. I am, a boy of eighteen, in love-talking 'bout a wife and love, and such things; but, hang it. man and a girl as well as a woman. I don't know about my sense, but I do knew she's got as much as a woman of twenty-five. But that Having exchanged words significant of plagued ring -that's what's hurting now. Pd like to know why she kept it blazing away at me. I know it's the same ring, and so the fellows must have found out who I was. If it costs me Zoe's love, it will be a lesson never to to how it came there, I sprang into it and sit down in another gambling-house again, even if I am rejected from society of manmaiden responded, "though I recognize the for God only knows how long. But I'll abide cance as the one in which father went ashore | the flat of Fate, come weal or wee."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

ZOE LELAND'S PERIL. It was on the day following that of Idaho om's visit to the floating island, that the beautiful Zoe Leland sat alone upon the island, keeping her dove-like watch over the bay, during the usual absence of her father and friends

Her pretty face wore a thoughtful expres sion, and her restless eyes a vacant, dreamy He may be in the neighborhood of the and far-off look. That her mind was not as free, nor her heart as light as usual, was plainly perceptible. She swept the shores at times with an eager, anxious look. Sometimes she would start, with a quick, impatient movement, at sight of a moving object along

by means of the glass which she always kept at hand, that it was either a wolf or deer, a ed off. Billy and I will strike out at once, look of disappointment would settle upon her Mr. Leland, and endeavor to keep in sight of face, and a sigh escape her lips.

As the moments wore away, she suddenly descried a canoe turn the headland, putting out between the lake and bay. By the aid of her glass she was enabled to see that the oc-cupants were strangers. There were two of them, one an Indian, and the other a white man with a stout, heavy-set body and rough, go. bearded face.

The latter, who handled the paddle, permitted the canoe to come to a stand in the chan-nel connecting the lake and bay, while be carefully scanned the island.

Zoe's first thoughts were of menacing danger. She knew, by the presence of the Indian, that both were enemies; and she was about proceeding to the large secret tent, to inform her father of her discovery, when she happened to observe a little object-a mere white speck-put out from the west shore and drift slowly toward the island.

A smile curved her lips; her eyes beamed with joy; and her face became radiant with some inward emotion. She knew what the tiny white object was; the little transport of Idaho Tom, coming, no doubt, with a message

Feeling no fears of immediate danger from those out in the channel, she sat down to await the arrival of the little sail.

With eager impatience she watched it come skimming like a white winged bird over the smooth waters, now leaping and dancing as though possessed of life, and realizing the joy its presence produced in the heart of the mai-

The two strangers out in the channel still remained inactive, as if waiting for something or some one. But Zoe kept a close watch upon them, as well as upon the little sail that fluttered on with its longed-for message-food for the young heart starving upon

The maiden grew very restless and impatient, for the drifting object moved with provoking slowness, albeit a smart wind was blowing directly in its favor. And the nearer it came the slower it moved, as if to test her

"Creep on, you truant thing!" she exclaimed, petulantly, pacing to and fro along the edge of the island.

It drifted on within a rod of the island, when, to her surprise, it became stationary There it remained, rising and falling gently upon the waves, as if determined to advance no further. Why it had stopped Zoe could not tell, nor did she take time to think in the midst of her excitement; but turning, she stepped into a canoe, and seating herself, was soon moving toward the little transport.

A few strokes of the paddle carried the light cance alongside the truant craft. At the same instant, to the maiden's horror, a pair of dusky, naked hands rose up from the water and seized hold of the canoe. Then the little love-sail was thrown quickly aside, and the shaven head of a hideous-looking Indian

appeared from beneath. A low ery of terror burst from Zoe's lips,

and she sunk half fainting in the cano Without scarcely rocking the boat, the sav-age sprung from the water into the craft, and eizing the paddle, drove the canoe around the island and away across the bay toward the clannel where the savage and white man were waiting, no doubt, the result of this very

Hubert Leland heard the half-horrifled scream of his daughter, but ere he could appear from the tent in which he was at work, the cance was several rods from shore. His first impulse was to rush to the little howitzer near, but a second thought con-vinced him that to bring the piece to bear upon the savage would be to destroy his child's

Almost frantic with excitement and grief, he rushed back into the tent where he had been spending the day, and when he came out again, he was accompanied by Jamison and

sake!" the father cried, almost wild with his emotions "Too late, Leland, too late! Look you

The savage with the maiden had joined the two strangers waiting in the channel and together they had all disappeared from view around the headland into the lake. "Oh, my God! my Zoe, my child is lost,

lost" moaned the father, in bitter anguish of heart. And what can we do in pursuing them?

nalted Jamison. Fire the cannon, Jamison," cried Leland. "Perhaps its report will bring those Boy Hun-

ters to our assistance." Jamison sprung to the howitzer, and the

the north side of the bay, and glanced inquir-

though Leland knew only the former.

toward the boys The latter saluted him as the prow of his his resignation.

boat touched upon the beach. "Are you alone, boys?" the old man asked, rising to his feet and leaping ashore.

"Yes, sir, we are. We heard the report of your howitzer and came down to see if you were in trouble.

"We are in trouble-distress, Frank," replied the old father, with a tremor in his "The devils that haunt these shores like vultures, have carried my Zoe-my child away

'Great heavens!" burst in a grean of agony from Frank Caselton's lips.

Hubert Leland remarked, with no little surprise, the emotions of apparent grief betrayed

by the young hunter. "A savage came," he said, "to the island; but how he got there I do not know. I heard Zoe's cry and went out. The red devil had her in one of our canoes and was rods away. To have fired upon him would have been to

endanger the life of my child." "Have you any idea where she will be taken to?" Frank asked

"I am afraid she will be taken to Molock's den. That inhuman monster seems to be the spirit of evil that controls the satellites of Satan hereaways," "Do you know where Idaho Tom is, Mr.

"I do not. At last accounts he was at the cabin of the Mad Trapper." "He would doubtless be of great assistance

to you now, were he present. But how long since the capture of Zoe, Mr. Leland!" of the lake.'

"Then by a forced march they may be headthem that their course will not be lost. Perhaps, if you can spare the time, it would be well for you to see our friends, Mr. Leland, and send them on after us. Two of them are old hunters in experience, and would be of invaluable service in trailing the enemy. We'll hurry on to the lake and see which way they

'God speed you, boys," cried the old father: "you shall be rewarded for your kindness."
"I am already in your and Zoe's debt," replied Frank; "she rescued me from death, and now I have an opportunity to repay the act of mercy. Come, Billy, let's be off. You'll find the boys, Mr. Leland, a mile due west in the pass going up toward Carson."

With these words the boys were off at a run,

keeping along the bay: Mr. Leland was about setting out in search of the Boy Hunters' camp, when three figures

came bounding from the woods. "Ingins, old man!-a thousand of them!" shouted one of them in a clear voice.

Leland saw that the strangers were all boys, and at once came to the conclusion that they were Frank Caselton's companions, Without a word he turned, and leaping into the canoe

"Jump in, boys." The youths were not reluctant to obey, and sprung into the cance, taxing it to its utmost

Hubert Leland plied the paddle with all his strength, and the little craft plowed its way through the crystal waters with wonderful ra-Scarcely were they a hundred yards from

shore when a perfect legion of red-skins burst into view and stretched along the beach for half a mile. But nearly all of them were armed with bows and arrows, and our friends escaped unharmed aboard the floating island. (To be continued-commenced in No. 284.)

### DEADLY-EYE,

### Unknown Scout.

BY BUFFALO BILL.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RETURN TO RIVERSIDE. From the scene of his prairie duel, Deadly-Eye headed in the direction of the fort. At nightfall he halted to rest, for both steed and rider sadly needed it. After looking to the comfort of the horses, and rolling himself in his blanket, Deadly-Eye was soon lost in deep

With the first glimmer of day he was astir and after a few hours' ride came in sight of the fort, and was shortly after warmly welcomed by General Canton and Percy La Clyde, who had arrived the night before, bringing with them the prisoners taken and the wounded of

The rage of Major Belden was great indeed when he knew of the great triumph of his ene my, and he at once offered his resignation which the general received with satisfaction for he was now convinced that the major had been acting an underhand part toward both himself and the Scout.

After his arrival, Deadly-Eye sought Rose Carter, or rather Carleton, as the reader knows her now to be, and found her greatly improved by her rest, and far more cheerful.

Being left alone by the kind-hearted gene-

ral, Deadly-Eye made known to his half-sister the secret that had long divided them, and to gether the two sorrowed for those they had

The next day Deadly-Eve and Rose left the fort, accompanied by Percy La Clyde and twenty troopers, who acted as an escort, and the following night they reached the Riverside

One other was of that party, and that one was Major Belden, who was determined, en toberts. he left the western frontier, to once more seek to win the hand of Sibyl Conrad. Silently he rode along at the head of the

troopers during the journey to the settlement, no one hardly speaking a word to him. But his hopes regarding gaining the hand of

Sibyl rapidly faded away, when, upon his arrival, she never even noticed his existence. Soon all became known in the settlement and the romantic career of Deadly-Eve. no longer the Unknown Scout, was upon every tongue, and his beautiful half-sister at once be came greatly admired and in her old cabin nome, which she had last seen under such pain

ful circumstances, and which had been the re sidence of Howard Carleton, Rose set to work to put things to right, and become her noble brother's housekeeper.

Perfectly convinced, when she saw the meet next moment the thunderous crash of the piece ing between Sibyl and Deadly-Eye, that she rung forth in stunning echoes through the had no hope of success, Ruth Whitfield sud-

denly changed her tactics and bent all of her Half an hour later two persons appeared on fascinations upon Major Belden, who was too philosophical a man to make himself miserable about a lost love, and devoted himself in re By the aid of Zoe's glass, Leland was ena-turn to the haughty beauty. So successful bled to make out who one of them was. It was was his suit, that, within a few days, the two Frank Caselton. The other was Billy Brady, became engaged, and Major Conrad gave his consent that they should be at once married, Leland sprung into a cance and pushed out as Major Belden was anxious to return to his home in Massachusetts, pending action upon

The wedding arrangements were quickly made, an itinerant Indian missionary preacher performed the service, and the well-matched couple set off for the nearest town, Percy La Clyde and his troop acting as a guard of honor

most reluctantly. One month after, and when autumn was painting the leaves many hues, Percy La Clyde returned once more to the settlement, and, with a sigh, learned that Sibyl Conrad was the promised wife of Deadly-Eye, as he was still alled among the settlers.

But, the bright eyes and lovely face of Rose Carleton soon soothed the heartaches of the always returns to bend insinuatingly above allant young soldier, and without surprise, Deadly-Eye received from Percy La Clyde a dark eyes—if you could look for a moment proposal for the hand of his beautiful sister. Need I say the consent was gladly given by the brother, for he greatly admired Captain Percy La Clyde, and believed him one of the quite exciting enough to suit the most sensanoblest soldiers that ever scalped an Indian or

#### hunted down a desperado. CHAPTER XVI. CONCLUSION.

THE snows of winter fell upon the Western rairies, and covered the humble roofs of the Riverside settlement, which had wonderfully improved, and everywhere around present an air of homelike comfort and prosperity.

And in the months that had glided by since

Major Conrad and his comrades had found new homes on the border, many changes had the latter if Victor was present. But how long once the capture of Zoe, Mr. Leland?"

"But a few minutes. They escaped by way the lake."

"But a few minutes. They escaped by way the latter if Victor was present to claim her image before this, and wheat two presents, that each of these gentlemen had made up his mind to propose to Miss Vane, and each decision. Therefore he had decision. Therefore he had decided that the deck of his own yacht, Victor should not be present, and he intended to propose to Miss Vane, and each had decided that the deck of his own yacht, victor should not be present, and he intended to propose to Miss Vane, and each had decided that the deck of his own yacht, victor should not be present, and he intended to propose to Miss Vane, and each had decided that the deck of his own yacht, victor should not be present, and he intended to propose to Miss Vane, and each had decided that the latter if Victor was present to claim her important to the latter if Victor was present to claim her important the latter if Victor was present to claim her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each had decision. Therefore he had decided that the latter if Victor was present to claim her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each had decision. Therefore he had decided that the latter if Victor was present to claim her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Vane, and each her important to propose to Miss Va

One cold wintry night, when the moonlight gilded the fields of snow, and silvered the icicles upon the eaves of the roofs, a ruddy glare burst through the windows of Major Conrad's cabin, and the light of many candles fell upon a happy and goodly company of "Fair women and brave men.

It was a scene of joy long to be remembered by the participants, and among the plain but neat costumes of the frontier belles and beaux littered the uniforms of a number of gallant oldiers-most conspicuous among whom were General Canton and Captain Kassidy. The cause of this joyous gathering was a

double wedding, for Alfred Carleton, once the famous Deadly-Eye, was to claim as his bride the beautiful Sibyl Conrad, and Captain Percy La Clyde was happy because that night he was to make Rose Carter his wife. Soon the chaplain of the fort entered the coom, and then followed the grooms and

brides, and, taking their places before the

clergyman, he soon made each couple one. Since that joyous eve years have passed away, and the settlement is now a flourishing town; but never is it a dry subject among its denizens to discuss the romantic life of Deadly Eye, the Unknown Scout. THE END.

### RUN AWAY TO SEA.

BY HENRI MONTCALM. Last evening, as the waiting west

Who was whistling at his side.
This morning as the sun came up
To usher in the day,
Driving his team afield once more,
The farmer takes his way;
But from his heart the hopeful joy
Of yesterday is gone.
For Jamie lad has left him
To do the work alone.

The tangled vine grows fresh and green
Above the farm-nouse door;
The sunbeams fall in long, bright lines
Across the kitchen floor;
The south wind wantons with the leaves
Upon the maple tree;
Blithe in the topmost branches
The birds make minstrelsy;

And up from out the clover-lot There comes a childish shout, As little Fred and Rover Chase the butterflies about;

Chase the butterflies about;
But alas! the morning's gladness,
It brings but little joy
To a mother's heart that groweth sore
For her erring, absent boy.

Just here across the kitchen
And up the narrow stair,
'Neath the gabled roof is Jamie's room—
But Jamie is not there.
The bureau drawers staud open,
The snowy bed unpressed;
The window curtain fitfully
Flaps with a vague unrest.
Papers and books lie scattered round

Flaps with a vague unrest.

Papers and books lie scattered round
In the dear old careless way;

But he has gone—and e'en the silence
Seems to sadly say,
In melancholy murmurs
And voices sweetly low:

'Ah, Jamie, bonnie Jamie,
How could ye leave us so!"

The mother entering, casts around
A yearning, loving look;
But her tearful glances seek in vain
One well-remembered book—
Her bible! He has taken it!
Ah! then one God-sent ray
Of hope came to the mother's heart,
For the first time that day.

For the first time that day.

Her tears are stayed, beside his bed
She sinks upon her knees.

Father, I thank Thee! Though my boy
May roam on distant seas,
I know that Thou art with him,
Night and day, the wide world o'er;
And some day, in Thine own good time,
Thou'lt bring him back once more."

Thou It bring him back once more. Some day! Ah, yes, it may, alas! Be months or even years
Ere he returns; but Heaven is good,
And a loving mother's tears,
Each is a prayer in his behalf;
And surely then some day,
As the glowing sun goes down at eve
Within the lower bay

Father will drive his weary oven

Will sail be playing near,
While Rover from the doorstep
Will end a listening ear;
And Jamie, bonnie Jamie,
Their own dear Jamie still,
They'll hear his dheery whistle As he marches up the hill; And some day's shadowy twilight A hailowed joy shall bring. When Jamie lad comes home once more

From all his wandering

### Disposing of a Rival.

BY HENRI MONTCALM,

READER if you could see Victor Lestrange as he sits and smokes and philosophizes by himself on the front porch of the finest seaside mansion on the shores of Narragansett Bay-if you could see him now in his jaunty yachting suit, looking so big and blonde you?" asked Reynolds, without, how and debonair, you wouldn't wonder that he any way acknowledging his identity. was the favorite skipper in the squadron, the idol of the Ocean House hops and the hero of this story.

And, moreover, if you could behold Miss Leonora Vane, the heiress of the mansion aforementioned, as she sets her beautiful little croquet slipper on the black ball and sends her opponent's red one spinning far across the lawn (for "you are to understand that 'tight croquet' is the rule on these grounds until you are a rover,")-if you could behold Miss Vane, bright little lady that she is, with her blue eyes and dark hair, she who is never less than pretty and often more than handsome, you wouldn't wonder that the lounge on the porch, looking forth indolently through the cloud of smoke that covered him, ac-

knowledged himself in love with her. And still furthermore, if you could see the gentleman who politely yet with suppressed wrath follows his ball about the lawn, yet Miss Vane with a fierce, passionate fire in his upon Mr. Louis Reynolds, you still would not wonder that he was the villain of this story, and that he was disposed to make such story tional taste.

These two, the gentleman blonde and the gentleman brunette, had now been hovering about the mansion and its fair mistress for something more than a month; and each being very much in love with the latter, they had come to cordially dislike each other, a dislike which rather deepened to hatred on the part of Reynolds. As for Lestrange, I think he was too good natured and too indolent to make a very good hater. It was altogether too

And it had come to pass in due course of

most favorable place and occasion. Accordabsence. It would probably be impossible for ingly each had ordered his vessel around into Lestrange to get back to his vessel until some the little bay close by, and each had begged the lady to be one of a party to make a week's cruise with him. They were to leave the next morning, and Miss Vane had declared that she must have one more night to think of it before she could announce upon which of the rival vessels she would bestow the honor of her presence. But Lestrange, from sundry private onversations with the lady, had every reason to believe that his own craft, the Lorelei, would be the fortunate vessel; and, indeed, from the events which followed, it would seem that Reynolds had a gloomy foreboding of the same result.

At any rate it is certain that Reynolds early left the field to his rival, and going down to the shore, sent out a shrill, peculiar whistle to his yacht, and soon a boat appeared and took him on board. Before he went below he stood a moment in low conference with the man who had appeared to command the boat.
"Brox," he said, "is there any man for-

ward whom you can thoroughly trust?" would u
"None of the crew that I'd like to trust
"We
my neck with. But there's the steward. His shore?" eart's as black as his hide, if you want anything squeamish done, and he'll keep mum if he's paid for it.'

Reynolds stood a moment looking at the sky.
"How about the weather?" he asked. "Will very well from here." it be dark when the moon goes down?"

"If I know anything about it, it'll be rain ing hard, two hours from now. "All right. Have the boat ready with your extra man, at eleven. I think I can make a little fun for you in spite of the weather," and back. For my own part, I've no doubt I can

so saying, the owner of the Nameless disappeared in his cabin. It was an hour later that he came on deck again, and so thoroughly disguised was he in tor stepped carefully on shore, and the boat the coarse dress of a common sailor, that Brox, pulled away again, leaving him "monarch of himself, did not recognize him until he spoke.

"Are you all ready, Brox?"
"Ay, ay, sir," and Reynolds stepped into the yawl and was pulled quickly ashore by the

Victor Lestrange must have found Miss Vane very gracious and charming that evening, for it was quite eleven o'clock before he prevailed upon himself to come away. And his reflections must have been rather pleasing and sentimental, for he whistled softly to himself and smiled often under cover of the darkness as he leisurely made his way down to-ward the shore. The short cut he always took was rather a lonely path at that time of night, running a little way along the railroad, then turning off across the fields and passing through a not very extensive but dark and gloomy grove of trees standing quite a dis-

tance from the beach. I think it was a bar of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" he was trying to whistle; at any rate whatever it was it was cut short off just as he was entering the clump of trees by a curious whirr in the air, as though a big bat were circling above his head, and then he suddenly felt a stout cord tighten around him pinning his arms to his waist; and then be fore he could even make a movement to free himself he was jerked off his feet, and at the same instant two men sprung from the thicket on either side, threw themselves upon him, and, with the help of a third person, who came up from the rear with the lasso in his hand, quickly secured his hands behind him in spite

of his furious struggles.

At last, finding himself quite helpless, he lay there panting on the ground, with two of his assailants sitting on his breast and one standing by, apparently reflecting what to do

"I say, my friends," the prostrate prisone take it as a favor if you'd stand up as soon as you feel sufficiently rested. I think I'd prefer serving in almost any other capacity I know

of than that of settee. The men made no reply, but one of them arose and stood awhile in whispered conference with the leader. Finally, they turned again toward Victor, and he who seemed to direct the others, bending over the prisoner, so that the latter saw his dark eyes through his close mask, said, in a voice which, though well disguised. Victor at once recognized: "I'm afraid we shall have to gag you to take

you down to the beach. "I trust you won't go to all that trouble, Mr. Reynolds," coolly responded the other. You know me well enough to take my word for it that I will make no noise. A gag must ucedly uncomfortable on a close like this. Besides I was just on the point of requesting you to take a cigar from my lefthand, inside pocket, and light it for me, and put it in my mouth. I always smoke before I

"Do you pledge me your honor that you will make no outcry to-night until we leave you?" asked Reynolds, without, however, in

Oh, willingly, rather than swallow your cursed gag."
"Very well. Now, men, lift him up, take firm hold of his arms, and we'll walk down to the boat. If he should by any chance

get away, shoot him dead. "Thank you for your kind intentions, Reynolds, but I'll never run away from such a jolly party just to get shot for it. Lead on; I'll follow just out of curiosity if nothing else I'm rather curious to know what's going to be

lone, anyway.' So, firmly grasped by the mate and the Spaniard, either of whom was probably a nore powerful man than himself, Victor was quietly led down to the shore and seated in the yawl. Then Reynolds took his place at the tiller-ropes, and Brox and the steward, taking the oars, pulled rapidly away, appar ently directly toward the open bay.

Victor sat silently puffing away at the cigar that had been given him, noting all the pro ceedings with the utmost indifference sang froid. He could not believe that they intended to make away with him. Reynold would hardly dare venture upon that, th doubtless his will was good enough. Maybe the Nameless had gone out and he was being taken on board of her.

The mystery was solved at last. The men pulled on through the drizzle and darkness for something like three-quarters of an hour; then suddenly, there loomed up against the sky a patch of trees, that Victor recognized as mark ing a small island that stood a little way out from the inner bay, about a mile from the nearest mainland. Reynolds' plot now clearly flashed across his mind. He was determined that Miss Vane should sail with him in the rival's yacht. He knew that she would choose

time the next day, and before that time the Nameless would be far down the West Passage, with Miss Vane on board. Only give him a week with her, with his rival nowhere about, Reynolds reasoned with himself, and it would go hard but he would win her hand.

The yawl was brought up alongside a low wharf that stood out from the beach a few

"Monsieur Lestrange, will you need any assistance in getting ashore?" inquired the masked steersman, significantly.

Then I am to go on shore, Mr. Reynolds?" "And be left there, like a modern Alexander Selkirk, all by myself?"

"And you won't even go with me, as a kind of companion and man Friday!'

"Excuse me." "I am sorry. I should so like to have you there all alone with me on the island. would undertake to civilize you very quickly.

"We waste time, sir. Will you step on

"Oh, certainly, since I can't help myself. But let me mention first—"
"Well, be brief."

"Ay, game enough, if you stand the whisky. He's nothing but a cowardly Spaniard if you leave me here? I'm not much of a spaniar of the spania "I have what amounts to a positive engage

"Will you go, sir! or shall my men put you ashore?" yelled Reynolds, now fairly angry at the other's exasperating coolness.

make myself quite comfortable and cozy during my insular confinement. Good-night," and with an impressive wave of the hand, Vicpulled away again, leaving him "monarch of all he surveyed."

He stood there listening until it was quite

out of hearing. "There are no two ways about it," he remarked to himself, confidentially, "Pve got to get back to my yacht to-night, and see Nora in the morning. I'm not in the habit of breaking my engagements with ladies, and I'll be hanged if I'll do it if it's going to gratify that piratical Reynolds. I'll try and remember this of him. He certainly is making me a sight of trouble. Let's see. There's S-Point, with the light on it, a mile and a half off there to westward. The Lorelei must lie off here somewhere not more than a mile from me. I think I can lay my course by the lightnouse until I can see her lights. There is nothing but to swim for it, I suppose. And a wet kind of night for a swim, anyway. The first thing, I take it, is to get my hands free. Don't believe I can swim much without them, and soliloquizing in this strain, Lestrange turn ed toward the trees, near which, after a short search, he found a piece of glass among the fragments of some extemporized clam-bake,

and with this he managed after a while to sev er the cord. "Now then," he continued, "it must be now somewhere near one o'clock. If I get to the yacht at all, I'll do it by half-past two at least —which will give me plenty of time to get fresh again before morning," and still thus pleasantly discoursing to himself of this thing and that, he leisurely prepared himself for the water, took a final look at the lights all around him, then waded in and set out coolly and resolutely toward the spot where he supposed his vessel to lie. It is hardly necessary to follow him. Strongly, steadily, without the least misgiving or perturbation, he swam straight on, minute after minute. Sooner than he had thought, he caught sight of, and recognized the anchor-light at the masthead of the Lorelei, and in less than an hour from the time he had taken to the water he was alongside of

Softly he hailed the watch on deck taken on board, his servant brought him hot drinks and attended to all other precautions against his master's taking cold (for Victor was particularly careful of himself to night), and at length, really tired, the captain of the Lorelei rolled into his berth, with the parting injunction to his servant: "Wake me at seven thirty, precisely, or I'll have you keelhauled. Have breakfast all ready and have it hot. And, mind you, have those razors in good order so that I can—so that I can shave right after being keelhauled—right after being sha-a-ved after—" and Captain Lestrange's remarks finally degenerated into that heavy breathing which on shore is sometimes known

I don't know that there is very much more of the story, anyway. Our yachtsman got up the next morning, got his breakfast, shaved, donned his best uniform suit, and started off in excellent spirits to see Miss Vane. Reaching the mansion, he found the lady on the lawn, she having already breakfasted. She met him with a smile and told him she would answer both his questions at once—for it seems he had asked her two questions the night before. Then she frankly put her hand in his and said she would go yachting with him all his life if he wanted her to. He bent over her and kissed her right then and there, though luckily there was not even a housemaid aroun to see. Then she broke away from him and ran into the house for a moment, while he followed slowly as far as the porch and there seated himself, pulled out his pipe, and began

his everlasting smoking. And it was thus presently that Reynolds coming quickly around the walk found him. He had his foot on the bottom step before he saw him. Then he stopped all at once and dropped an oath of the most appalling dimensions and seemed not to know what to do or say. Victor hastened to remove his embar-

'Don't go back, Mr. Reynolds," said he. "I just dropped around to tell Miss Vane about a thrilling little adventure of mine last night. I was actually kidnapped and carried off into bondage like Abraham or Isaac or Joseph or some of that family. Come up; Miss Vane will be out presently. By the way, she has done the Lorelei the honor to select

her for the cruise. I'm sorry for you, really."
Reynolds ground his heel into the gravel walk and turned away. Victor could not re-frain from calling after him once more before he disappeared

"Oh, and by the way, Reynolds, I do hope you'll not try and take my destiny into your hands again without consulting me. I think I can manage it a great deal better myself. This tying a fellow's hands behind him and ed that Miss Vane should sail with him in the Nameless, the next morning, and not in his him is kind of rough, you'll allow. And as for-" but the disappointed suitor was out of

#### TROUBLE IN CHINA.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

There lived in the city of Pekin
A rare old Chinese mandarin,
Who had plenty of tea and lots of tin,
And he always signed his leases "Ah Fin;"
He never bothered his poor relations,
And never allowed them to bother him;
He was down on poetry with a vim—
Would rather swing by his queue from a limb,
Or with rocks in his pockets go out to swim,
Than countenance lowly stations.

Among other chattels of this Ah Fin
Was sounted a daughter, named Kum Win,
A very celestial creature,
Who was looked upon as being quite stout—
Three hundred and fifty, or close thereabout,
And looked very like, so descriptions ran,
The beauties you see on a Chinese fan
When you're tired of watching the preacher.

When you're tired of watching the preach The bloom of her cheeks it is but proper To say was the royal color of copper, Just the hue that we'd—not sigh for, But which a Chinaman would die for; A real plece of Chinaware. She was in every particular; Her eyes—you never saw such eyes—Were like two cuts in the top of ples, And pointed down to the end of her nose Quite perpendicular, you would suppose, In the fashion the Chinese wear 'em. This style hasn't got here yet, but still It won't be long before it will, For the ladies are getting from Patagonia, And from the wilds of New Caledonia, The styles which are harem-scarem.

Her feet were so little, so it was talked,
She took them under her arm when she walked:
This couldn't be so any more, I am led
To believe,
Than you could climb up and sit down on your
head
While you larghed in many larger head.

while you laughed in your sleeve.
But this I know, they were so small
They couldn't support her body at all,
And she had to crawl along the wall,
And shred a maid to dance at the ball
To which she'd been invited;
If she happened to fall, she was so fat,
It took a crowd—a strong one at that,
To get the maiden righted.

Among other things which Mam'selle Win Had taken to her affections, in-Cluding edible birds' nest soup, And rats and mice raised in a coop, Was a Chinaman named Sum Punk, Who at such times when he wasn't drunk On opium, did a business sloshing. In the clothes-line—taking in washing.

When the old man smelt some mice in the wind, He told his daughter to bear in mind
That if ever again at this Sum Punk—
The fellow who carried so very much cheek—
He caught her throwing glances oblique,
He would, make of her body a lifeless chunk,
And leave her unburied a week.

When Monsieur Punk heard of this decree The bug in his ear was a bumble-bee. The first thing he did was to smoke a hunk Of opium and get very drunk; Then he took one side of a chest of tea, And wrote in letters bold and free. This missive, which rather puzzled me To make it out, but I stood on my head And found that this is the way it read:

And found that this is the way it read:

"Adorable creature, I'm in the sads,
My heart is wrung like a handful of duds.
It never can stand such a terfible rub,
And I long to drown myself in a tub:
To see my fond desires go crashing,
It breaks me down like a whole day's washing,
And I feel most terribly put out,
Or I should say taken down—and blue
As a nice ironed shirt full of indigo,
And I'm out of heart and of hope,
And am wearing away like a piece of soap,
For my love for you without a doubt
With boiling and rinsing will not wash out,
And I long to end this life of mine
By hanging myself on my clothes-line,
And have a washboard set at my head,
And a bar of soap at my feet,
To tell them I would rather be dead
Than be washed away from my sweet.

"Lee us fly away from this land unkind

Let us fly away from this land unkind
Like a couple of nightcaps loose in the wind.
I've saved the buttons for many weeks,
I gathered them up in quarts and pecks;
Besides, I've cabbaged sundry
Articles which were sent to the laundry,
For the right way to make your fees is,
Whoever is broken, to save the pieces.
So bundle your washing and let us fly,
To where we can hang out high and dry."

To where we can hang out high and dry."

Now the mandarin sat drinking his tea, and using his chop-stick rather free,
When the note was thrown in the window, And hit him along the side of the head.
He was rather forcibly struck, he said, After the letter he had read,
That he would iron that fellow out,
Before he knew what he was about,
Or set him down for a Hindoo;
So he hurried away and found Mr. Punk
Working away at packing his trunk,
To be checked across the Pacific,
And grabbing his queue without a word,
He cut his head off with his sword,
In one great swoop terrific,

In one great swoop terrific,
And cut him into twelve parts at a breath,
For he said that Chinese cozen,
As in life, should continue to count in dear

ntinue to count in death

So Kum Win she pined away,
Refusing to eat upon washing-day,
Moping around about the house,
Each moment growing thinner,
Till at last she choked on a pickled mouse
Which she tried to swallow for dinner.

### Getting the Start of Him.

BY EBEN E REXFORD.

"HERE are your letters, sir," said the officeboy, popping his head into the room, and tossing three or four letters on the table.

Allan Stephens opened the first one he got hold of, and began to read it. As he read a look of surprise came into his face, succeeded by one of bewilderment; this in turn gave place to one of amusement.

'I see how it is," he said, as he finished it. "Tom wrote to Sparks at the same time he wrote to me, and sent Sparks' letter to me, and mine to Sparks. Lucky for me, I declare. I'll read it again to make sure." The letter read as follows:

The letter read as follows:

DEAR SPARKS:—

"I meant to have answered your note before, but have been busy. I wanted to take a run up your way this summer, but have just concluded to make a visit to Groton. I'll warrant you'll smile when you read that, and look knowing, and say you know what there is at Groton to attract me, and perhaps you do know. I shouldn't wonder much if you did. I might as well be honest and tell you the truth—I'm going up to see Olive Graem. I thought, one whife, that Al Stephens was sure of her, and I think now he could have got her if he had tried very hard, but he's so bashul, you know, that probably the idea of popping the question fri htened him. I think Miss Olive has got about tired out waiting for him to come to time, and I'm going to try my luck. I shall write to Stephens to-day, telling him that I am going up to Groton, and mentioning in a sort of confidential way what my errand is. If he has any incition of marrying Miss Olive he'll probably start for Groton immediately, but I shall leave on the 20th, and in that way get the start of him in more ways than one, I hope. Wish me success.

"Yours, always,"

Tom VANE."

"Ah-ha! Mr. Vane!" laughed Allan, as he laid down the letter. "You made quite a mistake, didn't you? Good gracious!"—suddenly remembering what day of the month it was—"this is the 20th, and Vane's probably half-way to Groton by this time. He'll get the start of me, sure enough. Why was I such a fool as to dally along in the way I have? I'll warrant she is vexed because I haven't 'spoken out," as they tell of, and she'll marry him, if he asks her first, jest out of spite. I wonder if I could possibly get to

Groton to-night?" Allan hunted up a paper containing a rail-road time-table, and found that he could get

sary articles into a traveling-bag. "Tip"to the office-boy—"I'm going away—going immediately, and I don't know when I shall be back. Take care of things," and he was off. He reached the station just in time to get

"Conductor," said he to that official, when he came around, "do you know what time the train from Lancaster gets into Groton?"

"At nine o'clock," answered the conductor.
"Ah-ha! Mr. Tom Vane, I'll give you a pretty snug pull," laughed Allan, at this piece of information. "If you don't get there until nine, and I get there at the same time, I don't fancy that you'll get much chance to ask Miss Olive that very important question of yours to-night, and I'll have the start of you in the morning, if I have to get up at four o'clock and call her out of bed to do it."

Allan kept up a pretty busy thinking as the train whirled him on toward Groton. What if Vane should get the start of him, after all? He didn't know how he could give up Olive Graem. He had known her ever since they were children together; he couldn't remember when he first thought of marrying her, it was so long ago. But he had never said anything about it to her. He supposed she understoo what his intentions were, however. Now he reflected that girls are not always supposed to know what young gentlemen's intentions are.

"I ought to have had some sort of an understanding with her before this," said Allan. 'I see my mistake now. But I was waiting to get started in business. However, if I get there all right, I'll risk but my chance is as

good as Tom Vane's is."

But he wasn't to get to Groton that night. As the train was going at a rapid rate, in the early dusk of evening, there came a sudden crash, a shiver, and then there were cries and wild confusion, and as soon as anything could be ascertained it was found that two or three cars had been thrown off the track.

"Tve lost her," groaned Allan, when he realized the nature and extent of the acci-

He got off and fell to work helping clear away the debris from the track. Fortunately no one had been killed, and but one or two

"How long before we can go on?" he asked

"I don't know," was the reply. "The en-gine is disabled. There'll be a train up at eight to - morrow morning. We probably sha'n't get away until that comes along." Poor Allan! He felt like flying. It was just about nine o'clock then, and Tom Vane was getting off the train at Groton. In about half an hour he would be shaking hands with

And then! Allan felt shaky all over to think of what might come to pass. Just as ceeded in doing, thre likely as not Vane would up and propose, the being the purchasers. first thing! He was coming on purpose to do that, and the sooner it was over with the better, he would be quite apt to think.

"I'd be ashamed to rush the thing like that!" vociferated Allan, as if he knew that his rival was asking the important question that very moment.

"Hey! what's that?" asked an elderly wo

man, with four or five parcels and an umbrella, looking somewhat alarmed at the vehemence with which he spoke. "You ain't hurt, be

"No, I'm not," answered Allan, curtly. "Wall, you needn't be so snappish about it, answered the woman. "You'd orter be thank ful that you're alive, an' not be a-lookin' mad enough to bite somebody."
"I don't believe I shall undertake to bite

you," answered Allan, feeling out of sorts with himself and everybody else. "I never liked anything sour." "Must be you hate yourself wuss'n p'ison,

then," retorted the old lady. "I must say you're about the sourest lookin' speciment I've Allan concluded he didn't feel like carrying

on the conversation further, and started off for a stroll down the track.

the demand."

far he was going, or how late it was getting to
be. He couldn't help thinking of Tom Vane
and Olive, and wondering if the question had

"I think tin
replied Mahlo been asked and answered

"I wonder if she would be fool enough to have him?" Allan asked himself. He finally concluded that girls were such queer things that one couldn't tell anything about what they would or would not be likely to do. It was just as the mood took them

When he did stop thinking of Olive and Tom Vane and himself long enough to take notice of his surroundings, he found that he was near large farm-house that had a very hospitable look about it. The light shone out pleasantly from the sitting-room, and he heard the sound of a piano. He stopped and listened. Some one was playing the "Whisperings of Love Waltz.

"Olive played that for me the last time I poor fellow heaved an awful sigh.
"I wonder if I hadn't better stop and see if

I can stay here all night? I've got to stay mewhere, and this is a nice-looking place. I'll try my luck, any way.'

A gentleman came to the door was on the train that ran off the track back here a ways," explained Allan. can't get away till morning. Could I stay all

"Of course you can," was the reply, in gen-uine country welcome. "Come in, and we'll get you something to eat, and try to make you mfortable."

Allan followed his host into the sitting-A girl was seated at the piano. There was something in the slender form that made Allan's heart give a great jump. It was like Olive's, but then, of course, this girl wasn't Olive! He was foolish to think of such a

She turned around when they came in, and Allan gave a shout that was as full of enthusnd delight as was ever the war-whoop of a Comanche when he captured an enemy, "Olive Graem, as sure as I'm alive!" cried

Allan, rushing up with outstretched hands, and a wonderful beaming countenance. "Where under the sun and earth did you come from?"
"I came from Groton," answered Olive,
rather amused at the enthusiasm Allan was "I'm sure I never expected to see you here.

"Nor I you," answered Allan. "I was going up on purpose to see you. When the ran off I was terribly discouraged, but I think fate had the matter in hand.'

At this juncture Olive introduced him to the gentleman of the house, who hastened off in search of some one to get some supper for him. "I'm glad he's gone," said Allan, "Oh Olive, I was going up to ask you a—a very

to Groton at nine o'clock.

"I'm going, if I don't get there till two,"

"You know well enough, I know;" said have been waiting for him there.

"You know well enough, I know;" said have been waiting for him there.

"You know well enough, I know;" said have been waiting for him there.

The boy could not have been over sixteen or standing on the head-wheel.

ought to.
"How should I?" asked Olive, as innocently as you please. "If it's anything I can advise you about, I'm sure I shall be happy to do so." 'It's you I want," burst out Allan, and the effort he made to say it used up about all the courage he had. "Do say yes, quick!"

I'm not sure but he expected to see Tom

Vane's face in the door every moment, from the hurry he was in to have the matter settled "Well—yes!" answered Olive, who had known for a long time that Allan thought her his property whenever he got ready to claim her, only it had taken him a good while to get ready to say so.

Allan kissed her a dozen times for that one word, and declared he was the luckiest, happiest man in the world. He didn't explain why he was in such a hurry, though, but when he was in his own room that night, he inform ed Tom Vane, wherever that mortal was, that 'he'd like to see him get the start of him." The next day when Olive and Allan got off

the train at Groton, they found Tom Vane there waiting. "How do you do?" said Allan, shaking hands magnanimously with his rival. "My train ran off the track, but that didn't hinder me from getting the start of you!"

Tom understood the situation of affairs at glance, and said nothing.

The moral of my story is, that when a man

has anything to say, he should say it, or somebody may get the start of him.

### Johnny Hatch; THE BOY DETECTIVE "JUGGED."

BY OLL COOMES.

On the banks of the Brushy Fork Creek—a small tributary to the Licking River—along which ran the public highway between Flint Ridge and Claylick, stood a tall, wooden build ing, known thereabouts as Crown's Pottery Under a wide shed adjacent was a clay-mill with a long, creaking sweep; and hard by, a large, stone-crowned kiln, with its gaping fures and low-browed chimner

Under the management of Mr. Crown, this establishment had gained considerable noto riety as a pottery, but that gentleman dying business was stopped entirely for a long time. Weeds grew up around the shop and kiln, and the place gradually assumed the aspect of a deserted ruin. The widow Crown seeing the daily decrease in the value of her estate, con luded to save what little remained by making a sale of the property. This she soon succeeded in doing, three brothers named Lake

Two of these men were practical turners and so Crown's Pottery again took on a business aspect. Passers-by heard the creak of the clay-mill resumed, and once more gazed into the glowing jaws of the furnace.

But so seldom did the brothers burn a kiln

of ware that people finally began to think they were not making the success of the busines that their predecessor had. It is true, the two brothers were always engaged at the wheel when strangers called to see the wonderful performance of making a jug, or upo business with the firm, and they always had plenty of money; but those who had got some idea of the cost of the business from Mr. Crown could not see how the Lake brothers kept up expenses; and so those persons were inclined to mistrust the brothers of being en gaged in some other speculation not strictly

egitimate, little dreaming of the facts.

One day a stranger called at the shop and asked for employment as a potter. He was a powerful man, standing nearly seven feet in his shoes, with arms and legs proportionately

ong. He gave his name as mannon way. Mr. "We are not wanting a turner now, Mr. "The sale of Griffith," Enoch Lake replied. "The sale of ware is dull at this season, and brother Henry He walked on and on, taking no note of how and I will manage to turn enough to supply

"I think times will be brighter afore long." replied Mahlon, with a broad vernacular, and if so, it'll be cash in your duds to have a big stock on hand. I'm an ole potter, gentlemen, and have noticed that the stone-ware market fluctuates up and down, up and down right along—a low depression of the market

bein' follered by an extreme." "Very true, Mr. Griffith, but as we have made no arrangements for running three wheels, it will be impossible for us to run

three men."

"I see you have a third wheel in your shop."
"Yes, sir, that's an extra one for extra
"Yes, sir, that's an extra one for extra large ware-such as urns, kegs and so forth.

"Large ware is my hold, gents," said Mah-n. "I can turn a bigger vessel than any man in the State of Ohio, and I'll bet on it was up to see her," thought Allan. "Maybe too. You see I've the arm for it; thar's as she'll never play it for me again," and the true a foot as ever kicked a treadle, and thar's as stiddy a hand as ever held a rib or sponge.

"That reminds me," said Enoch, reflectively, "that a stranger called here this morning and wanted a thirty or forty gallon jug

"Je-whiz! forty gallon jug! He must 'a been crazy," exclaimed Griffith.
"He offered me ten dollars if I would make

it for him, but it is larger than we're able to "'Nuff said!" exclaimed the stalwart potter stripping off his coat and rolling up his sleeves,

displaying a pair of powerful, brawny arms. He then descended into the clay-vault and brought up a huge lump of tempered clay which he rolled into a round ball on a ben made for that purpose. This done, he mounted the "big wheel," and placed the ball upon the head-piece, then setting the wheel in motion went to work on the huge jug.

The Lake brothers stood by the slide-board and watched him, with amazement written upon their faces. They had seen the skillful manipulations of clay by men reputed the best notters in the land, but never had they seen anything equal to the skill of the giant stran-The soft clay seemed to yield obedience to the very impulse of his will, and the consequence was that in a few minutes the brothers looked upon the largest vessel they had ever the brothers were heard leaving the shop. seen made of clay.

"You'll have to let it dry on the wheel boys," said the giant potter, as he descended from the stall; "it is too big to move afore it's

departure, with a two-dollar bill extra in his He moved rapidly up the road till he reach the latter course. Pursuing this a short way.

coming on at the very moment when it hadn't seventeen years of age, and was almost a pigmy in size. He possessed a keen, black eye, a shrewd, intellectual face, and a form, although small, perfect in contour

It was easy to see that he was no ordinary rsonage, despite his youth.
"Well, Mr. Griffith, what success?" he ask-

d, as the giant approached him. "Good; I got to turn the big jug ordered by your man this morning, and I got that for the work," and Mahlon showed him the two-dollar

The boy took a magnifying-glass from his pocket and examined the bill closely. "That's counterfeit, Mahlon," he finally said; "but I'll give you a genuine bill for it. Here, you see, I'll mark this so that you can

"Wal, now, I'll sw'ar I'd like to know what you're drivin' at?" exclaimed Mahlon.

swear to it, if need be."

"I'll tell you, stranger: I'm Johnny Hatch, of Zanesville, the Boy Detective—"

"You don't say, do you?"
"Yes, and I'll tell you what I'm after.
Them Lake brothers are mistrusted of being ounterfeiters, and an awful big reward is offered for their apprehension. I'm trying to catch them. I want to get a hold of their plates on which they make the money; then it will be no trouble to get them and convict them. They're shrewd fellows and have defied all the skill in the State to find their tools and machinery. It's believed their pottery is the place of operations, and that they keep their things concealed there. I've seen them go in there night after night, and always come out empty-handed, but I never can find the least thing suspicious, and I've hunted that shop

from cellar to garret a dozen times-pried into every hole and corner."
"Uh-umph!" ejaculated Mahlon. "Now," continued the lad, "do you think

that big jug would hold me, Mahlon?"
"Mortal man! it'd hold three like you, but then you can't git into it now.' 'No. but you could get me into another one

just like it, couldn't you?" Mahlon laughed, a good-natured, hearty laugh, then said:

Ya-as, but who'd ever thought of sich an idea but you?"
'I don't know, Mahlon; but I do want to be jugged 'up so that I can watch them Lakes. The one you made to-day can be destroyed when they're away from the shop, don't you see? and another one made just like it, with me inside. They'll never mistrust any dif-

my plans, you'll be well paid."

Again Mahlon laughed; then the two sat down to make further arrangements.

Toward evening they went to a neighboring

ed you to perform this part. If I succeed in

and, knowing your skill as a potter, I emplo

farm-house and procured supper, Johnny pay-About dark that night they made their way down to Crown's Pottery. They found it deserted by all the men, the Lakes having gone

to their house, half a mile away. Being provided with a dark lantern, Johnny entered the building, followed by Mahlon. The huge jug still sat on the wheel where the potter had left it, and as no time was to be lost, Griffith tore the vessel down, and out of the "ruins" made another ball of clay, with

which he mounted the wheel. The trade of the potter is one upon which uman invention has made no improvement for the past two thousand years, the main part being done with the bare hand, assisted by a smooth board called a "rib." From a round ball of soft clay the skillful turner can shape an exquisite vase or jar in a very few moments, and apparently without any effort.

Mahlon soon had a second jug completed, all but closing the yawning mouth to its proper size. It now resembled a huge jar without a rim, with a mouth sufficiently large to admit

the body of the boy detective "Now the cage 's ready for the bird," whis-pered Mahlon, with a smile.

With the assistance of the giant potter, the boy was let down into the frail structure of clay where he was compelled to sit upon his haunches in a rather cramped position

"Now look out," again whispered Mahlon. "that the turnin' of the wheel don't tip you over. If you touch the side of the thing it's some humane millionaire to start a home for gone, for it's jest like a pile of sand-start it, and all creation wouldn't stop it.' "All right, Mahlon," returned the lad.

Slowly the wheel began to turn, and in less than a minute Mahlon had closed the mouth of the vessel over the boy until it was but two Then the giant potter took his departure

from the shop Johnny sat silent as death in his frail tene ment of clay, fearing to move lest he should

umble it down upon him. It must have been after midnight when he heard some one enter the shop. At first he thought it was Mahlon come back to look after him, but he knew better when he heard voices in low conversation—the Lake brothers had come, no doubt to ply their nefarious noctur-

The lad's heart almost ceased to beat through fear of detection, but gradually quieting his fears and steadying his nerve, he took a pin and punctured the sides of the jug. Through the small holes thus made, as well as the mouth of the vessel, the little fellow could see that the shop was lit up, and he could hear the bro make. And now if you will turn the jug, I thers talking in subdued tones. He heard will give you a two dollar bill." and the "big turner," and he felt relieved when he found they did not detect the differnce in the two vessels.

Finally he heard one of them say: 'Suppose we work on the 'fives' to-night.' To this the others consented; then followed a long silence attended only by subdued whisperings and the rattle of papers. This must have lasted two or three hours when Johnny heard the movement of feet, then to his surprise he heard one of the wheels start to running. What it meant he could not tell, and he was so anxious to know that he was sorely tempted to punch a hole through the side of his covert and peep out. But a second thought told him that such an act might frustrate all

his plans and endanger his life; so he waited. Presently the wheel stopped running, and a few minutes later the light was put out, and

from his concealment like a chrysalis from its loads of red-hot brick. The thermometers got silken shell. The great jug tumbled to a shape- so high that they were all found to be in the s mass at his feet.

Then he washed his hands and arms, rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat and took his floor, the lad lit his lantern and began searching for the tools of the counterfeiters. But an and they threw a shadow of a building ed the Gratiot branch, when he turned off on the place when he happened to think of having pounds of refined heat to the square inch, and heard a wheel running, and began to wonder what it could have had to do with their other what was left of humanity went around to he turned aside and entered the dense woods work. Turning to the wheel he saw a newly- the ice-cream saloons, trying to get a berth in turned jug of about three gallons capacity a freezer. Nobody ever saw the cold so comstanding on the head-wheel.

A thought flashed in his mind quicker than lightning. If the giant potter could turn a jug over his body, surely the Lake brothers could turn a jug of less size around their counterfeiting plates!

With a bound he reached the wheel, and with a single movement tore away the frail structure of clay, when lo! there were the coveted plates, sure enough-ingenuously concealed-"jugged up," where, not one in a thousand, unacquainted with the manner of turning a jug, would ever have thought of looking for an article as large almost as the vessel it-

Securing the plates, and ink, and some other things, the boy detective hurried away to where Mahlon Griffith was to wait fer him.

The next morning a squad of armed men, headed by Johnny Hatch, the boy detective, called on the Lake brothers and conducted them to safe quarters.

They also searched the shop, and in other inburnt jugs found more plates and counterfeiting material—evidence that the brothers had been carrying on a large business in the manufacture of spurious paper.

### Beat Time's Notes.

A MAN generally chews when he chooses.

WISDOM is popularly defined as the art of iding how little we know.

HOPE is a debtor that always pays part cash and gives a long note for the halance

THE editors of New York threaten to send all bad poetry to the House of Correction.

A MAN without a wife is about as useless as a half a pair of tongs.

A MAN may be a good man who does not bet, but the man who bets is a better, and it isn't right.

Some actors have such long names that they have to pack them in a valise whenever they go to travel.

A young friend who sent his love to a young damsel had it returned, and now he complains because it had no return. WHEN a man is drowned in the city of Paris

the coroner generally returns the verdict, "Died in Seine," which is proper. It seems kind of strange that I never care to play unless I have a good deal of work to do; I get remarkably fond of pastime at such

When a man sits down on a chair which isn't under him at all, how fervently does he wish that he had learned the art of swearing in early youth.

WHEN the critic said of a musician that he endered a piece of music like a kettle of lard we are left to imagine that it was pretty smooth.

I HAVE in my eye a very sharp man, so sharp that he is continually cutting his friends and acquaintances. He never gets possession of a note but he shaves it.

JOHN says he blushes too easily. Well, go

to cheating; learn to drive the best bargains; tell a story once in a while; don't be very particular what you do or how you act; in a little while you'll be cured. I AM fearfully afraid of anything that has eeth, and so the garden rake I naturally

abhor; I never go close enough to it to allow it to bite me, and whenever I look at mine I feel like knocking its teeth down its throat, so I do. THEY have homes for the blind, and homes for the lame, and homes for the poor, and homes for the orphans, and homes for the soldiers; what I am waiting for just now is for

lazy people. I see that Shakspeare's autograph was recently sold for five hundred dollars. Now that is extravagant. I am willing to sacrifice a dozen of mine for half that sum, and then won't growl if I have to throw a few of them

A MAN never knows how large a tooth is until it gets to aching. The one that has undertaken the contract to ache for my benefit beats everything hollow. I would have it pulled out but it would be too hard on the poor den-

In philosophy I have dived down to the bot-

the incomprehensible without any difficulty

have come very close to the uncomatable

have attained the unattainable; have reasoned

far beyond the limits of reason itself, and yet

tom of the unfathomable; have compre

eat my meals like any common human being. How easy it is to lose your memory. Now, while I recollect every bad act of my life, most of the good I have done has slipped from my mind. I always remember what is owing me, but forget very soon what I owe. I can remember every time I ever made a fool of myself, but every time I didn't I don't, and so it

I am one of the swiftest runners in this country. There is no sheriff who can overtake me; he wouldn't undertake it. I can run so fast that I can't see myself, and it takes me fully half an hour to catch up with myself. I can leave myself so far behind that I am out of sight most of the time. But, all this is nothing to how I run when I am scared. I go so fast that the farm-houses look like one continuous block of buildings. Oh, I am lightning.

THE heat was about three thicknesses thick on the earth yesterday, and it really seemed Waiting until assured they were beyond as if the torrid zone had flopped out of place earing, Johnny rose to his feet and burst and fell down here like a thousand wagonas if the torrid zone had flopped out of place garrets. You could lean up against a red-hot hour's search proved fruitless; and almost disheartened, he was about to give up and quit by it. There were twenty - five thousand